

September
FICTION *Number* **Collier's**



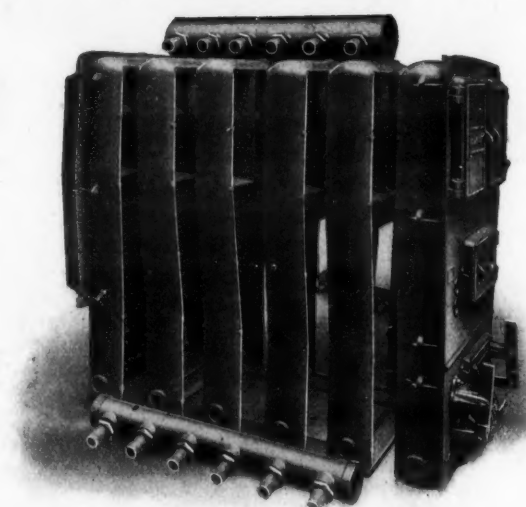
The
Broken Wing
an Aeroplane Story
By FREDERICK PALMER

The "Loose-Leaf" Principle Applied to Heating

"Sectional boilers" is merely a term of the heating trade. It means that boilers are *made* in sections; but as commonly used, it does not mean that you, the user, get the benefit of the sectional construction.

We have perfected a *truly sectional* boiler—as truly sectional as a loose-leaf ledger or a sectional bookcase.

A boiler so truly sectional that you can add sections and take away sections; you can cut out sections, without tearing down, without a day's delay or loss of heat.



"RICHMOND"

Boilers

Radiators

There are many reasons why other so-called sectional boilers are not truly "sectional."

In the first place, these so-called sectional boilers are sectional only *above* the ashpit. The sections are perched on a separate base, which is *not* sectional.

To add sections or to take them away, you must get a new base—you must rebuild the whole boiler from the ground up.

The "**RICHMOND**" boiler is sectional from bottom to top.

It needs no separate base, because each section extends clear to the ground.

You can add sections, replace sections, or take them away without tearing down the boiler or buying new base or ashpit parts.

The sections of a "**RICHMOND**" boiler are *screwed together*.

While the sections of so-called sectional boilers are joined with push nipples.

If a boiler with push nipple joints gives out you take out the fire and tear down the boiler.

There is no alternative. There can be no heat while new sections are being shipped.

Cutting Out Sections

But with the "**RICHMOND**" sectional boiler, you can plug up the damaged section—and *keep on heating*.

We know of many cases where sections of "**RICHMOND**" boilers have for one reason or another been "cut out" and plugged and the boiler made to give service, day and night, till the summer came.

The "**RICHMOND**" sectional boiler is stronger than other sectional boilers, without adding weight—just as a single casting must al-

ways be stronger, more rigid, than two castings joined together.

Yet the sectional feature is but one of countless superiorities which you will find embodied in the "**RICHMOND**" system.

Write for this Book

If you are interested in heating any building, large or small, write us. Ask for catalog 194. Learn for yourself about this perfect system which is so economical of fuel that it saves its own cost and pays its own maintenance.

Address in the West

Cameron Schroth Cameron Co.

Western Distributors for

"**RICHMOND**" Boilers and Radiators
194 Michigan Street, Chicago, Ill.

"RICHMOND" Bath Tubs—Lavatories—Sinks

If you are about to build, investigate, too, the "**RICHMOND**" line of enameled ware. Everything in enameled ware, from kitchen sinks

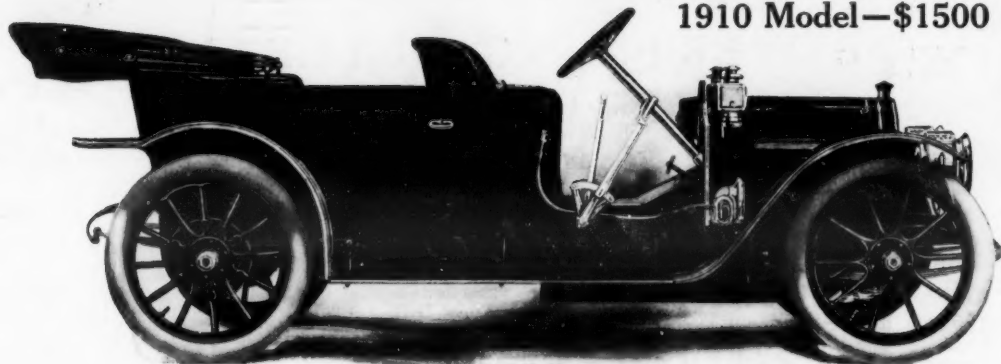
to bath tubs, which bears the name "**RICHMOND**" is the best that can be made, less expensive in the beginning and in the end.

THE McCRUM-HOWELL Co. 194 Terminal Building New York
Park Ave. and 41st Street

Two factories at Uniontown, Pa.—One at Norwich, Conn.

Chalmers-Detroit "30"
1910 Model—\$1500

Touring Car
Pony Tonneau
Roadster
Limousine
Coupe (Inside Drive)
Landaulet



Dealers Bought Our Whole 1910 Output Before July 1, 1909

Last spring, 800 people who wanted the Chalmers-Detroit "30" had to be disappointed. We turned away orders to the extent of \$1,200,000 after our output was sold.

Then we started building a new factory, increasing our capacity to 4,000 cars for next year. Yet, dealers had taken the entire output before the first car was delivered.

They were sold to dealers—to the men who know cars best. To the men whose whole business depends on getting what buyers want.

Such facts show how the automobile world has awakened to these amazing cars.

Our New \$1500 Car

We show above one 1910 model of the Chalmers-Detroit "30." We call it new, yet the vital features have not been altered at all. The 2,500 cars in use have shown us no weakness whatever.

We have increased the wheel base to 115 inches and have added more power. The wheels are now 34 inches.

The tonneau has been made larger and roomier; and the hood, to correspond, has been made longer and higher. In style and beauty, the car now equals the costliest car that is made.

We have done all this out of the saving made by increasing our output. We are making 1,000 more cars this year, without adding to overhead expense. And without buying new tools, for the cars are not altered mechanically.

Every cent of this saving has gone into the car—into size and room and beauty. Our profit remains the same as last year—exactly nine per cent.

Last season you wondered how we gave so much for the money. Then what do you think of the car of this year?

Reductions on Extras

This "30" of ours, when fully equipped, will cost even less than last season. We are going to sell extras, as we sell the cars, on the lowest possible margin.

We will fit our \$1,500 car with a Bosch magneto, a Prest-O-Lite gas tank, and two new style gas lamps, all for \$100 extra. The cost of these extras at regular prices would be \$175.

We will fit our "30" with a Lenox mohair top for \$75. This is the best top we can buy—the sort of top all should have; and the regular price is \$125. Thus we give you the advantage of our quantity buying—buying for 4,000 cars.

That Indiana Trophy

All America wondered when this \$1,500 car won the Indiana Trophy at Crown Point, June 18. Every car entered against it was a higher-priced car, save one, and all save one had bigger motors.

Yet the Chalmers-Detroit "30" out-classed and out-speeded them all. It made the 232 miles that day at an average speed of 51.5 miles per hour. Next day, when the big cars raced—many with motors twice as powerful—the average speed of the winner was 49.6 miles per hour.

That was a stock car race. The "30" that won it is exactly the same as the "30" we'll sell to you.

On July 10th, 100,000 people saw a "30" win the light car race over the Santa Monica, California, course and the average speed for 200 miles was 55.2 miles per hour.

One of these cars has made endurance records which no other car ever equaled. One of them, in an Economy Test, went 25.7 miles on one gallon of gasoline.

One of them made that remarkable path-finding trip between Denver and Mexico City, where the way lay through oceans of sand.

But another record is the best of all, for it proves our main claim—the low cost of upkeep. For the year ending June 1, owners paid us for repairs exactly \$2.44 per car in use.

No Car Like This

Nearly everyone knows now that the Chalmers-Detroit "30" has no real competition—that it is the best car in the world at the price.

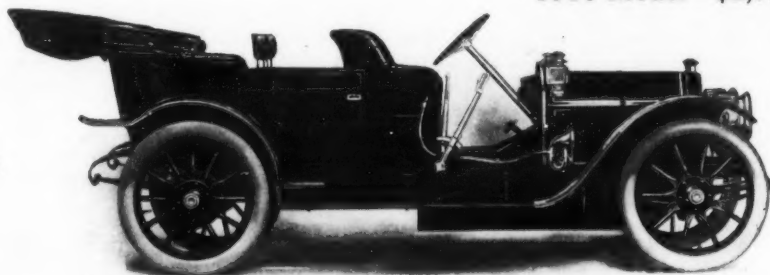
Scores of the best engineers in America have selected this car for their personal use. With hundreds our "30" has taken the place of other and costlier cars.

Now the new models are out—the large, roomy, luxurious cars of 1910—still \$1,500. Dealers everywhere are making deliveries.

To get one now means several months' use before the calendar year begins. You get that much ahead of the man who buys next spring. Write us today for our catalog.

Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"
1910 Model—\$2,750

Touring Car
Pony Tonneau
Roadster



This car, like our "30," has been greatly improved. We have increased the wheel base to 122 inches, and given it 36-inch wheels. It is upholstered this season in hand-buffed leather. And note the exquisite lines.

Our "Forty" is now a 7-passenger car, with all the size, style, finish and appearance of the costliest cars that are sold.

The Bosch magneto and the lamps on this car are included in the price. We will fit it with a Newport mohair top—a \$150 top—for \$125. And the two extra seats cost but \$75.

The day is over when our "Forty" needs argument. For four years it has held the topmost place among medium-priced cars in America.

This is the utmost car that one can buy, save those who want excessive power.

Now we send to prospective buyers the names of all owners in their vicinity. And we let them judge our "Forty" solely by what owners say.

Send This Coupon

A Memo to
Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich.
Mail your 1910 Catalog to

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
County _____ State _____
Collier's, Aug. 25th

Send this for our 1910 catalog, showing all the new models with their improvements—both in our "30" and "Forty." Please do it now.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Members **A. L. A. M. Detroit, Michigan**

\$75.00
upward
for
THE
BEST



Lackawanna Motors
NEW "DOUBLE" TYPE
BALANCES EXPLOSIONS
INCREASES POWER

Simplest—Most Efficient—Valveless
One to six cylinders 2 1/4 to 45 H.P. for all boats. 41 years manufacturing and 11 years motor experience back of every LACKAWANNA engine. Complete boat outfits. Write for handsome New Catalogue of the "Silver Red Cylinders." Not Price Alone—Better Quality!
22 Goldwell St., Newburgh, N.Y.
Lackawanna Mfg. Co. 136 Liberty St., New York, N.Y.

Harvest Pennies
Buy and operate O. I. C. Peanut Vending machines. The simple and most successful automatic salesmen made. Never out of order. Pay for themselves in a few months. Coin money for owners. Only work required is to fill machines and gather the money. Any spare money you have can't be more profitably invested. Build a business that will make you independent. Write for particulars.
O. I. C. COMPANY, 1333 Unity Bldg., Chicago

Land Buying Syndicates
Are advised that I can now furnish, for first time on market, large tracts (from 2,000 to 10,000 acres each) of best truck farming, fruit and nut growing lands in Southern Mississippi, for colonization or investment (wholesale only), at from \$6. to \$12. per acre. Similar lands now retail at \$15. to \$25. per acre.
For particulars address
Geo. H. Headford, Land Commissioner, 279 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

YOUR PI-
ano will shine like new; "3-in-One" removes stains, soil, scars, scratches; brings back original lustre; generous free sample. Write 3 in One Oil Co., 35 Broadway, New York.

6
NET
PERKINS & CO., Lawrence, Mass. Ask for Loan List No. 714.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
REDUCED RATES on household goods to all Western ports. 443 Marquette Building, Chicago; 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 726 Old South Building, Boston; 306 Pacific Building, San Francisco; 900 Central Building, Los Angeles.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES
All Standard Machines SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE at 1/4 to 1/2 Mfrs. Prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for catalog "M." Typewriter Exporters, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago

DO YOU STAMMER
Trial lesson explaining methods for home instruction sent FREE. Gold Medal, World's Fair, St. Louis. GEO. A. LEWIS, 146 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS—BIG MONEY
selling our new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Easily put on. Write to-day for a free sample.
METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 52 N. CLARK ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

WIGS and TOUPEES
Absolute non-detectable toupees. Special rates to barbers. Send for Catalog.
Lombard & Rabin Co., 495 Washington St., Lynn, Mass.

PATENTS THAT PAY
Protect Your Idea! 2 BOOKS FREE: "Fortunes in Patents—What and How to Invent" & 61-p. Guide Book. Free report as to Patentability.
E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer, 1152 F. Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.
Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.
EVANS, WILKINS & CO., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS WATSON E. COLEMAN
Patent Lawyer, 612 F St., Washington, D. C. Advice and books free.
Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of six cents stamps.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 51, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

SCHOOLS

AMERICAN WIRELESS INSTITUTE
Wireless telephone and telegraph operation and engineering opens lucrative field for men and women. Practical instruction, six weeks. Catalog on application.
21 William Street, New York University Building, Detroit Address nearest Office

CENTRALIZING SCHOOL of MUSIC
Piano, Vocal, and Dramatic Departments
FALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 3, 1909.
Unusual Free Advantages to Students. Diplomas of Graduation Free. Send for Detailed Information. Dept. D.
518 FINE ARTS BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

Training School for Kindergartners. Our school opens its 33rd year, Monday, Sept. 13, 1909. For detailed information, address Mrs. Alice B. Putnam, principal, Mary L. Sheldon, associate principal. The Chicago Froebel Association, 1007 Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

Central College of Osteopathy
Established 1903. Gives thorough course. Special clinical advantages. Send for catalog "C."
Geo. Moffett, D. O., Sec'y, Kansas City, Mo.

DeMeritte School
A PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS WHO WANT AN EDUCATION. ADDRESS:
Edwin DeMeritte, 815 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

School Information
Free catalogues and advice of all Boarding Schools in U.S. (State whether girls' or boys').
AMERICAN SCHOOL ASSOCIATION
935 Broadway, New York, or 1815 Masonic Temple, Chicago

LOOKING FOR A SCHOOL OR CAMP?
YOU CAN FIND THE SCHOOL WANTED by writing School Agency, 327-41 Park Row, N. Y.

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 18

HOW ADVERTISING HELPS THE WORLD MOVE

IF it were not for the advertising columns of the magazines and newspapers the world would be, industrially, decades behind where it is now. Not a day passes without a score—perhaps a hundred—new things, of value to the people at large, being thought out or perfected.

The time came when a bright man worked out a practical washing-machine that could be run by a little motor attached to the faucet at the kitchen sink. Another man perfected a vacuum cleaner that would suck the dust and dirt from carpets, rugs, hangings, and pretty much everything it touched.

Those two devices alone have saved the time and lightened the labor of the world's housekeeping to an incalculable extent.

Their value to the human race was infinitely greater than to their inventor. Yet how could the people ever have been told about these things, except through advertising?

Without advertising how many

people would know about—and be using—oil stoves, steam cookers, acetylene gas; breakfast cereals, bottles that keep things hot or cold. Now how many homes would have piano-players, or phonographs?

It is so with thousands of things that have come, through daily use, to be considered necessities. Without the advertising columns—the news of the world's production—it would have taken twenty years to introduce the Safety Razor. The Open Door to a market, provided by Advertising, has encouraged more inventions of value to the people than all other forces combined.

In this week's, and every week's, issue of Collier's you will find scores of articles advertised, which have added incalculably to the world's sum of convenience, comfort and pleasure—and not one of which could have been brought to the general knowledge but for advertising.

E. L. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"The Time Element in Advertising"

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin

908 MILES IN 1080 MINUTES

The "Pennsylvania Special" is the climax of development in railroad transportation. It is operated primarily in behalf of the busy man.

Under the train is the finest roadbed. Above the rails is the most completely equipped train. On the train is a picked crew. Alongside the tracks is the best Signal System. This combination makes for speed, regularity, safety and utter comfort.

The "Pennsylvania Special" has made good for many years. It is an asset to the business man. He can recreate on it or work as humor or necessity dictates, but he is using the minimum of time in meeting his engagements.

Three quarters of the circumference of the clock-dial, all in the off hours, is its daily deed.

The "Pennsylvania Special," the pioneer 18 hour train between New York and Chicago, leaves New York every day at 3.55 P. M. and arrives in Chicago 8.55 A. M. Returning it leaves Chicago 2.45 P. M. and arrives in New York at 9.45 A. M.

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH

Better Why? Because it does not contain Turpentine or Acid. Adds to the life of all leathers and gives a brilliant shine that won't rub off.

10 Cents At all dealers

THE F. F. DALLEY COMPANY, LIMITED, Buffalo, N. Y. Hamilton, Ont.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

SCHOOLS

A Professional Career

LAW
Three years' course leading to degree of LL. B., and courses leading to degrees of LL. M. and J. D. Practice any state. Tuition \$125. a year.

ENGINEERING
Advanced courses in all branches. New building just completed. Technical studies in a University environment. Tuition \$100.

MEDICINE
One of the oldest and largest Schools in the United States. Clinical instruction. Seven Hospitals. Tuition \$100. a year.

PHARMACY
Six Laboratories. Time requirement; Graduate in Pharmacy, two years, September to April; Pharmaceutical Chemist, two years, September to June. Tuition, \$100. to \$150. a year. Practical courses in Food and Drug Analysis.

DENTISTRY
Three years' course. Largest dental clinic perhaps in the world. Tuition \$150. a year.

offers greater opportunities every day to men and women with the right kind of a collegiate training.

A strong, able faculty and the notable equipment and facilities at

North-Western University

are such that no student can afford to overlook.

Northwestern was founded nearly 60 years ago and is heavily endowed. It has 300 instructors.

For catalogue, terms, etc., address
A. W. HARRIS, President
Room 205
Northwestern University Building, Chicago

Cheltenham Military Academy

ELKINS PARK, PENNSYLVANIA

Ninety minutes from New York City

THIRTY-NINTH YEAR

Prepares for the Universities and Business.

Large faculty of experienced men. Five buildings with complete modern equipment. Extensive grounds, large athletic field with quarter-mile cinder track.

Manual Training Department. Lower School with separate building for younger boys. A \$450 school of the highest rank at a moderate fee.

ILLUSTRATED YEAR BOOK ON REQUEST.

Mackay School of Mines

University of Nevada

Best equipped mining school in the country—all buildings of special construction. Faculty composed of prominent engineers and every department in charge of experienced instructors. Located close to great mining district—students obtain both wages and practical experience during vacations. Splendid climate—every opportunity for outdoor life amid beautiful surroundings.

Regular term opened August 23rd. For detailed information address

JOSEPH E. STUBBS, President, Reno, Nevada

Columbia School of Music

CLARE OSBORNE REED, Director

Offers most complete education for least expense in Piano, Voice, Violin Theory, Public School Methods; leading to graduation and degree. Our graduates occupy the foremost positions in the country as artists and teachers. Best location and equipment in Chicago. Normal Training Children's Classes. Write secretary for illustrated catalog.
Dept. B, OHIO BUILDING, 328 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
ANNE SHAW PAULKNER, Manager

WM. H. SHERWOOD, Concert Pianist and Director of the
SHERWOOD MUSIC SCHOOL
wishes to announce the opening of the Fall Term, Sept. 13, '09. A faculty of 50 prominent instructors. Piano, Vocal, Violin, Elocution, Dramatic Art. Languages, Public School Music, Classic Dancing and Physical Training. For detailed information address Dept. E. Ada H. Holmes, Secretary, Fine Arts Building, Chicago, Ill.

HOME STUDY
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
offers 350 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Bookkeepers, Accountants, Business Men, Ministers, Parents, and many in other vocations.
The U. of C., Div. A, Chicago, Ill.

Michigan Conservatory of Music

Washington Avenue and Park Street, Detroit, Mich.

FREDERICK L. ABEL, Director.
has national fame as the leading, most thorough, progressive and artistic institution of its kind in Michigan. Owing its unparalleled and constantly growing success to its large faculty of eminent instructors; the best methods of instruction insure students thorough and speedy progress, including eminent faculty of fifty. Free, liberal advantages. Miss Pearl Perry in charge of Public School Music Department. Pupils may enter at any time. Prices moderate. Address Dept. B, and a handsomely illustrated catalogue will be mailed you free.

Morgan Park Academy

The Character Building School

Boys—over 1200 local former students— are succeeding in College, Business or Profession. Co-operating with University of Chicago, it gives careful preparation by Strong Faculty. M. P. A. is noted for school spirit and wholesome life. Parents approve our care; location and complete equipment; and methods of developing efficiency. For illustrated catalogue of this Home School, with High Grade Military Dept., address
122 Morgan Avenue, Morgan Park, Ill.

VOCAL ART The ANNA GROFF-BRYANT Institute

A School devoted exclusively to the Artistic Training of Singers and Vocal Teachers.

SEND FOR BOOKLET
Dept. H, 522-26 Fine Arts Building, Chicago, Ill.

LEARN PLUMBING

A trade that will make you independent. Hours Shorter—Pay Bigger—Demand Greater than any other trade. Catalog free. Write for it today.
ST. LOUIS TRADES SCHOOL, 4445 Olive St., ST. LOUIS, MO.



BALTIMORE, MD.

• **The Rennert** E. \$1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.

CHICAGO, ILL.

• **Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gaiety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

• **Broadway Central Hotel** Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A.P. \$2.50, E.P. \$1.

WHY PAY EXTRA VAGANT HOTEL RATES?
• **CLENDENING APARTMENT HOTEL** 138 W. 103 Street. Select, home-like, economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath \$1.50 daily and up. Write for booklet with map of city.

SUMMER RESORTS

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

• **The Clifton** Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. \$4 to \$6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

Hotel Martinique

Broadway and 33d St., New York

"A Hotel in the Heart of Things"



Pre-eminent among New York Hotels for the excellence of its Cuisine, Service, and Appointment.

Highest standard of accommodations at moderate rates.

CHAS. LEIGH TAYLOR
President
WALTER S. GILSON
Vice-President
F. L. PINKERTON
Manager

Also proprietors
St. Denis Hotel,
N. Y.

WHERE TO GO NEXT WINTER—SUMMER

NEW ZEALAND, the Greater Switzerland! When the northern hemisphere is blanketed with snow New Zealand is at its best, with a perfect climate and natural wonders that rival the world's greatest; and on the way there one sails over summer seas to the enchanted islands of Tahiti and Rarotonga, etc. January 15th the midsummer cruise to MILFORD SOUND is made; nothing like it for scenery and genuine adventure; including 3 months' tour to South Sea Islands, \$488.75.
TAHITI AND BACK (24 days), \$127, 1st class. Sailings, Sept. 11, Oct. 17, Nov. 23. Oceanic S. S. Co., 613 Market St., San Francisco.

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary everyday sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Rich Cloth Binding, Full Gold Stamp, Illustrated, \$2.00. Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

PURITAN PUB. CO., 707 Perry Bldg., PHILA., PA.

25% to 75% Saved On Any Typewriter
Rebuilt by Us. Let's Prove It To You
THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
345 Broadway, New York
Branches in All Large Cities.

Are You Looking for a Chance to Go Into Business?

I know of places in every state where retail stores are needed—and I also know something about a retail line that will pay handsome profits on a comparatively small investment—a line in which the possibilities of growth into a large general store are great. No charge for my services. Write today for particulars and booklet.

EDWARD B. MOON, 1 West Water Street, Chicago

Collier's

Saturday, August 28, 1909

Fiction Number for September

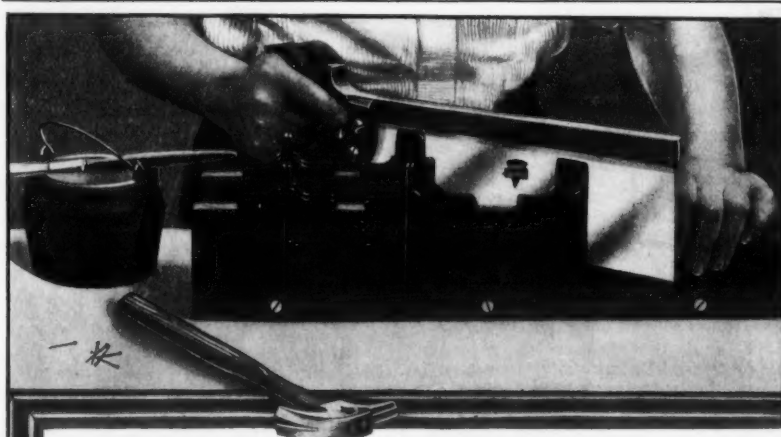
| | | |
|--|------------------------------------|----|
| Cover Design | Painted by J. C. Leyendecker | |
| No Time for Politics. Frontispiece. | Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson | 6 |
| Editorials | | 7 |
| Photographs | | 9 |
| THE BROKEN WING | Frederick Palmer | 10 |
| | Illustrated by Arthur Little | |
| THE TAME MAN OF BORNEO | Frederick Upham Adams | 12 |
| | Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck | |
| A Parfait Gentil Mysunderstandynge. Poem | Wallace Irwin | 15 |
| | Illustrated by Rollin Kirby | |
| THE MATE OF THE "GATWICK" | Perceval Gibbon | 16 |
| | Illustrated by F. D. Steele | |
| What the World Is Doing | | 18 |
| | Illustrated with Photographs | |
| The Aldrich Senators | Mark Sullivan | 20 |
| | Illustrated with a Cartoon | |
| For the Reader of Books | | 24 |

Volume XLIII

Number 23

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirtieth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$7.80 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.



For Home Work or Shop Work

If you have made a failure of home work, look at your tools. Are they the kind an experienced carpenter would use, or are they "any old kind"? The success of any work depends largely upon the tools.

How could you make a neat joint for a picture frame unless you had a fine true saw and mitre box to guide it? You couldn't use the same saw you would use to cut a two-inch plank.

KEEN KUTTER Quality Tools

are for home work or shop work.

Every tool is the very best that can be made in quality, temper and adjustment. No others hold their edges so long nor are so accurately set, balanced and adjusted. With Keen Kutter tools, home work becomes a pleasure and many conveniences and improvements may be made.

Every Keen Kutter Tool is guaranteed.

Look for the name and trademark on each tool.

Keen Kutter Tools include Saws, Chisels, Bits, Drills, Gimlets, Awls, Planes, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, Drawing-knives, Screw-drivers, Files, Pliers. Also a full line of Scissors and Shears, Pocket-knives, Razors and Table Cutlery. Keen Kutter Tools have been sold for nearly 40 years under this motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."—E. C. Simmons (Trademark Registered)

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.), St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.



HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Keep it on your side-board at home.

Delicious, Invigorating and Sustaining

Original and Genuine

A Nutritious Food-Drink For All Ages

Served at Restaurants, Hotels, Fountains. All druggists.

EASILY DIGESTED BY THE MOST DELICATE

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



A Successful Sales Manager

defines salesmanship as being "nothing more nor less than making the other fellow feel as you do about what you have to sell." That's comparatively easy to a clever salesman, possessing personal magnetism and a cheerful countenance, backed by a good story and a fragrant cigar. Meeting "the other fellow" in that manner in his own office and at his case, accounts for many a sale.

BUT—you can't meet every prospective purchaser; it costs too much and you haven't the time.

You can however, make your catalog, booklet, magazine and newspaper advertising as effective as personal salesmanship by the use of clever illustrations and engravings that bring out the selling features of your goods. Write for samples. They are free.

Day and Night Service

Barnes-Crosby Company

E. W. HOUSER, President

Artists: Engravers: Catalog Plate-Makers

215 Madison Street, Chicago

Branch offices in fifteen principal cities

"TWIN GRIP" PAPER FASTENER

has double prongs that hold top, bottom and middle papers in an all-embracing grip. Just a pinch and it's on. Can be used over and over again.

Smooth, handsome and effective.

Send for free samples in four sizes.

The De Long Hook & Eye Company

Philadelphia

U. S. A.



BABY DU FAIS CLEVELAND OHIO

Nestlé's Food BEST FOR BABIES

MOST of the ills from which babies suffer are traceable to one source—the diet. If your baby is sickly and peevish, in all probability his food is wrong.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD will change all this. No child organism is too delicate to assimilate and thrive on it.

NESTLÉ'S not only makes babies rosy-cheeked and plump, it builds up the bone-and-sinew structure as well.

NESTLÉ babies are healthy, happy babies.

Just add hot water and boil.

We have a new book on Infant Hygiene which we will send with trial package (enough for 12 feedings) free on request.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

HENRI NESTLÉ, 65 Warren Street, New York.
Please send me, free, your book and trial package.
Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____



COPYRIGHT 1909
BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

No Time for Politics

Drawn by

CHARLES DANA GIBSON



Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street
NEW YORK

August 28, 1909

Ballinger Should Go

DON'T MIX UP BALLINGER and the President. Many newspapers, statesmen, and others will assure you that those two gentlemen stand for law, whereas Mr. GIFFORD PINCHOT, Mr. NEWELL, Mr. GARFIELD and Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT represent lawless impatience. Mr. TAFT does in reality care for legal impartiality and calm. Mr. BALLINGER, wearing that cloak, cares somewhat too much for "business interests." The contest between him and Mr. PINCHOT should not be side-tracked on some irrelevant side issue. Mr. PINCHOT is not a master of safe legal statement, but everybody who desires to do so can readily understand his actual meaning. Nobody proposes to violate the law, even to benefit the public. The question is merely how to use the discretion which is left to men in power. Let us see how BALLINGER has used his.

Mr. BALLINGER makes a speech about not limiting private enterprise. If we pay any attention to what is really happening to power rights all over the United States, may we not omit anxiety about struggling private enterprise? Mr. BALLINGER declares at Seattle and Chicago that the Interior Department is not to be run by Mr. PINCHOT. We can well believe so much. Will the Secretary declare also that his department is not to be run by Senator HEYBURN? The alliance between BALLINGER and HEYBURN is an alliance for special interests, surely as the alliance between ROOSEVELT and PINCHOT and GARFIELD was an alliance for general interests. Not long ago a few constituents, giving no reason, asked HEYBURN to use his influence to have certain lands eliminated from a forest reserve in Idaho. HEYBURN hurried it to BALLINGER, with an urgent request for immediate action. About the same time HEYBURN received a very different petition from others of his constituents. These gentlemen asked for the *withdrawal* of lands, "because as home-makers we believe it necessary that this area be placed under national forest administration for the equitable distribution of grazing rights, protection of the timber and our watershed." What does HEYBURN now? This petition does *not* go to the department. The Senator replies: "I do not desire any more forest reserves in Idaho and shall not willingly consent to the creating of any more." He also says, "You could not live on it and it would be closed to settlement." Dear reader, if you will turn to your files of the Congressional Record for 1906, April, May, and June, you will observe Senator HEYBURN helping to pass the law which provides for settlement in forest reserves. Just what did he mean, therefore, by his threat to his constituents? A Senator and a Secretary of the Interior make a powerful working team. Officers of local land offices are appointed upon the nomination of Senators, so are Federal District-Attorneys. As a newer incident in this controversy, let us note that indications were to be seen in the recent extra session that Senator HEYBURN did not at all like the President's appointment of GEORGE W. WOODRUFF to a Federal Judgeship in Hawaii. It happens (perhaps it is a coincidence) that this WOODRUFF, once Assistant Attorney-General for the Interior Department under GARFIELD, rendered a legal decision which caused BALLINGER to resign from the land office, which he then decorated, but where, as far as the general public is concerned, he never, never would be missed. GARFIELD had been struggling to limit to reasonable proportions land and timber grabbing in the West. BALLINGER, soon after he became Commissioner of the general land office, executed radical changes among the special agents, sending men of experience and vigor to new and distant territories where they would be less destructive to private enterprise. ROOSEVELT came to the assistance of GARFIELD, directing the cooperation of the forest rangers with the officials of the land office. BALLINGER resigned and hid him away to Seattle, where the wood combine thriveth, and seems likely to thrive for a long time yet. One more remark about BALLINGER, showing him using the power of transfer in his present office, and we close. Just why did he recently send the man in charge of the land fraud investigations in Idaho to distant regions, replacing him with a mere youth, whose father is Federal office-holder and friend to BALLINGER? What does the Barber Lumber Company think of that? Why no tears?

Aug. 28

Our appreciation of President TAFT reaches enthusiasm. His treatment of the Philippines, his administrative ability in Mr. ROOSEVELT's Cabinet, his tact in foreign missions, some of his appointments, his endeavor to hold his party to its tariff pledges, his promise to help reform criminal procedure, his conspicuous honesty, all make us rank him high. The course against which he most needs to guard is pliant yielding to the soft conception of harmony; it is the acquisition of peace by wearily placating gray wolves; it is the policy of silencing their growls by throwing them an important office when they have been howling all the day and night.

Ready

AMONG THE LIVELY and important scrimmages of the autumn, one of the most significant promises to take place on our Western coast. FRANCIS J. HENEY is just now the object of a widespread newspaper attack. Its source is PATRICK CALHOUN's literary bureau. An attempt is made to show something illegitimate in HENEY's relations with the Federal Government. Should not CALHOUN avoid a comparison of past judicial records? The present campaign against HENEY is made, of course, for the purpose of distracting attention from CALHOUN and the question of his guilt or innocence. It is an old trick of defendants with means to create popular feeling. HENEY's record is safe. Three years of bitter attack have failed to dislodge him from public confidence. He will probably be elected in the fall as District Attorney of San Francisco. On the result of his candidacy will to no small extent depend the level of esteem in which San Francisco will in the future be held by the country at large. Already CALHOUN's prominent sympathizers are declaring in San Francisco that Eastern capitalists have announced they will avoid San Francisco so long as the prosecution of the "higher-ups" continues. Among all the silly arguments that a discredited cause puts forth, this is among the most familiar. If the various large cities of the country would look to the nomination and election of prosecuting attorneys of the uncompromising type of HENEY and LANGDON, we Americans should not be compelled to explain why municipal dishonesty has among us such an ascendancy as to require popular upheavals for its overthrow. HENEY has cleared the moral atmosphere of San Francisco. Before his advent petty corruption had so woven itself into the fabric of the body politic that it was scarcely possible to secure even a transcript of a public record without bribing an official. By the election of HENEY the Federal Government may be shown the way to better things. CHAMP CLARK recently denounced on the floor of the House of Representatives the appointment of incompetent district attorneys by the Government, necessitating in many cases the employment of special counsel. The minority leader said that if there had been a competent district attorney or two in the West there would not have been so much stealing of public lands.

A Problem for Britain

UNREST IN INDIA, such as threatens and disturbs the British, must, of course, always be a profoundly serious menace. None of the uneasiness which just now seems so widespread through Europe and Asia could have as immediate and far-reaching an effect as any real national movement in India. The rest of what England governs or controls either consists of essential and willing parts of the whole, like the colonies, or else is thoroughly in hand, like Egypt. Only one thing, however, has ever made it possible for a European nation to govern India, and that is the lack of unity in India herself. Should that heterogeneous collection of various races, languages, and religions, over a territory as large as Europe, ever experience a wave of feeling sufficient to make it a unit, the control of England could not last a week. She governs India by means of Indian troops and Indian money, and there is no other way in which she possibly could govern it. She obtained political possession, without design, because of her wars with France. She removed anarchy and the terrible rule of spoils. As HASTINGS fairly boasted, "the plowman is again in every quarter turning up a soil which had for many seasons never been stirred except by the hoofs of predatory cavalry." To what extent India could be conducted for the welfare of the millions, instead of for the spoils of the powerful, if British rule should

be shaken off, is a dark, unanswerable question. The loss to England would be almost entirely commercial, for, politically, that great and distant province weakens her. There are, of course, no signs of an immediately approaching unity of feeling that could result in shaking off the British rule, but there are signs that some such general spirit may be born sooner than thirty years ago seemed at all probable. Even now, there is plenty of nationality talk, but it is confined mostly to those who call themselves the "intellectuals," and it seeks and receives some foreign sympathy by assuming a similarity among the various populations living in what is called India, much closer than any which actually does exist. JOHN MORLEY, whom it is rather difficult to call Lord MORLEY, is an anti-imperialist of a species rapidly disappearing even among the Liberals. It is safe to say, therefore, that the selection of MORLEY for his present post is proof that England wishes to deal as liberally with India as the real facts about that region make reasonable and safe.

Facts

THE AMERICAN SMELTING AND REFINING COMPANY, controlled by the GUGGENHEIMS, is the Lead Trust. One hundred and fifty millions of dollars is expended annually by consumers in the purchase of this metal. The GUGGENHEIMS control fully ninety per cent of the American lead supply. They are the direct and, practically, the only beneficiaries of the tariff on lead. Purchasers of pig lead, for instance, are compelled to buy of the trust; there is no other source of adequate supply. Prices have been arbitrarily raised or lowered without regard to trade conditions. Whenever a decline in price has been contemplated, the trust, through its agents, has induced buyers to stock up at the prevailing price. When this was done, the decline was announced, and the buyers were compelled to bear the loss. When an advance in price has been contemplated, on the other hand, the deliveries of orders have been withheld until the advance has been made public, when orders have been rushed and the buyers forced to bear the difference in the cost price between the advance and the price prevailing when their orders were sent in. The complete control of the market has enabled the GUGGENHEIMS to carry out these profitable trade maneuvers. Their exactions have caused universal complaint. In 1896, before the Guggenheim trust was formed, the average price of pig lead in New York was \$2.99 a hundred pounds. The annual consumption was 167,859 tons. Ten years later the average price of pig lead in New York was \$5.78 a hundred pounds, and the consumption was 285,000 tons. The duty on lead has been deflected from the object it was intended to serve into the treasury of the American Smelting and Refining Company. Like Standard Oil, the Sugar, and other trusts, the American Smelting and Refining Company has its representatives in Congress. SIMON GUGGENHEIM, himself one of the profit-sharers of the Lead Trust, spent a large sum of money to secure a seat in the Senate from the State of Colorado. The GUGGENHEIMS are given neither to poor investments nor to wasteful expenditures.

Crete

WHAT HAS MADE TURKEY so positive in her attitude regarding Crete is exactly what caused the Young Turk movement. The Young Turks came into being primarily not because they were concerned about internal reforms. What disturbed them was the rapid dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, and they became troubled over internal misgovernment mainly because it was what gave foreign powers the occasion to limit Turkey's outside rule. The situation in Crete will, presumably, for some time remain a delicate one, as the Powers prefer to dismember Turkey quietly, so far as they do it at all; and, as Crete certainly never will be satisfied until she is part of Greece, there must be some waiting before the equilibrium can be stable. When the time does come for Turkey to be further dismembered, the European Powers, free of the former Russian nightmare, will hardly exhibit another error similar to the Crimean War. That error grew out of ignorance of the facts. Had France and England at that time understood both Russia and Germany as well as they understand them now, they never would have taken up arms to support the Turk in Europe, whence, on every enlightened principle, he ought to have been driven long ago.

A Gathering of Interest

THE RÔLE PLAYED by trades unions in modern life has been of the first importance. Unionism has affected the condition of the laboring classes, not only directly, but also in an intricate manner, by altering, to a large extent, the whole public's point of view. It has been an extremely contributive element in modern thought. Women are now endeavoring to secure for themselves and their sisters the habit of similar organization. The National Women's Trade Union League will hold its second biennial convention at Chicago, beginning on the 27th of next month, with delegates from American points as far apart as Boston and San Francisco, and also from Germany and England. The women who attend the convention are compelled to lose a week's wages, but their enthusiasm for consultation and thought is such that they do not hesitate. The league pays the traveling expenses of those whose local unions are too impoverished by the recent panic to meet the cost. It is a new movement of much import, to which thought and sympathy may well go out from every part of the country and from every class.

Remembrance

THE HABIT of having Old Home celebrations is increasing, and the habit is a good one. It lends permanency to feelings and ideals; it cultivates the imagination and the sentiments; it encourages an interest in the human realities of history. These celebrations differ in various places, but all live up to the name, and the differences are not in spirit. In every case the town is on its mettle to make its best appearance. In one small place, for instance, of a thousand souls, lying more than a dozen miles from a railroad, we notice among the events registered the reception of badges, sunrise salutes, band concerts, baseball games, automobile day, "hops," reunions, picnics, dramatic performances, gramophone entertainments, and as many items besides. Of course the son or daughter of the town who has come from afar to see "the old place" again can never see it entirely as it was. The garden has new-fangled leanings, the well-sweep has gone, the barn looks different, the clump of willows has grown. Much, however, comes back. Initials in the school-house desks may recreate the past. Near the school, also, is the little hollow where, one recess, you saw red, had your first fight, and gained a black eye. There is the old swimming hole, and, though the underbrush about has changed, the boys are going through the same motions on what looks like a smaller scale; and, likewise, the cave upon the hill, doubtless called the Devil's Den. An old flame is usually remembered. You go round to call upon her, you pat her four lusty youngsters upon the head, and tell the mother the while that she has discovered the fountain of eternal youth. Indeed, it might be pleasanter if there were not something "doing" every second. Games, concerts, speechifying one can find everywhere. The old home could be better seen with just a little more of naturalness and quiet.

Sarah

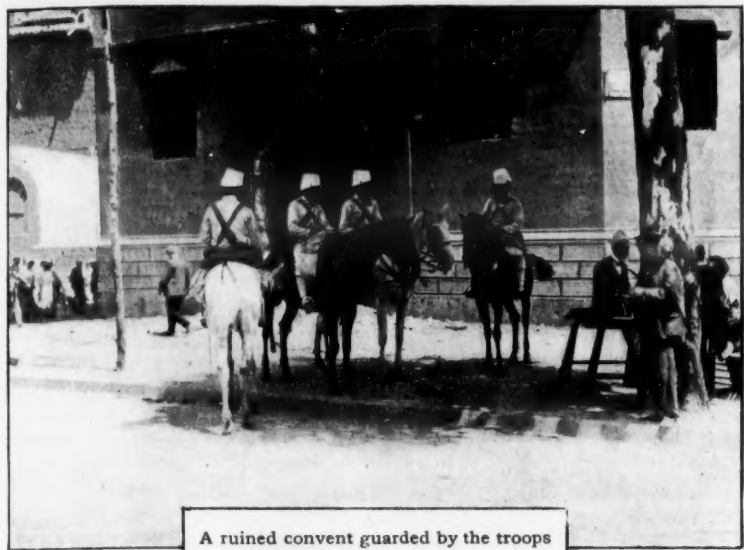
A GREAT-GRANDMOTHER—that is what Mme. BERNHARDT, with any luck, will be in a year or so; and yet who, following her career, has not felt her to be a better artist recently than she was at the height of the Sardou period, say fifteen years ago? SARAH BERNHARDT is a woman of talent, of intellect, of character, energy, and will; and such things count in preventing old age from being a time of lessened value. Now, as her granddaughter is about to marry, Mme. SARAH's mind is as alert as it can ever have been, her interest as genuine, her strength not appreciably diminished. We can not all be Sarahs, but METCHNIKOFF would agree that the seeds of old age lie not only in the digestive apparatus; they lie partly in the nature of the mind, and the person whose interests are varied, strong, and constant is likely thereby to render life longer as well as more abundant. One way to increase the length of life is to increase its interest.

Dramatic Notes

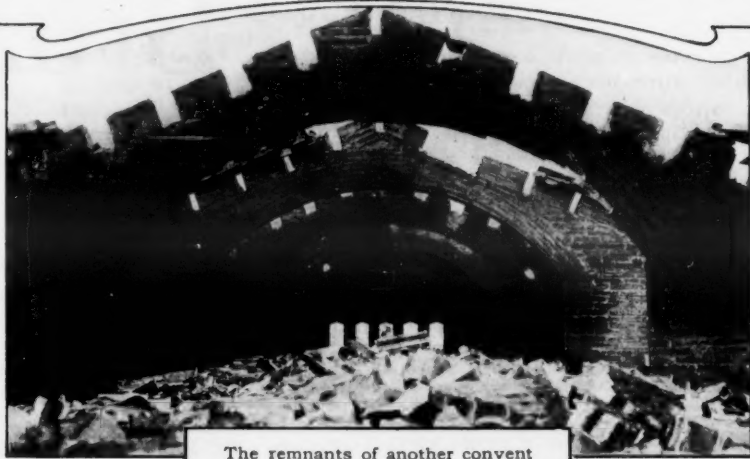
MAETERLINCK is about to have produced in St. Petersburg and Paris a play called "Mary Magdalen." Among the distinguishing marks of the higher dramatists is the choice of topics which the world has already proved to be of interest and importance. They do not seek oddities, but rather handle material sifted by history and experience. There is some interest, by the way, in the production this month, by MAETERLINCK's wife, for a single performance, of SHAKESPEARE's "Macbeth," in a castle at St. Mandville. The French have a habit of acting SHAKESPEARE without such comprehension as is shown by the Germans, but "Macbeth," in its material and its construction, ought to be one of the plays which they can handle best. Mrs. GEORGETTE LEBLANC MAETERLINCK's idea of giving the performance in various parts of the abbey has at least freshness: Duncan's arrival in the courtyard, with attendants all on horseback, seen from the castle windows; the feast in a twelfth-century banquet hall; a cloister gallery, the scene of the long line of spectral kings. Tickets at \$40 each, for those who have cornered or inherited a large amount of this world's substance, ought to be worth the price.

Holmes

AN AMERICAN, distinguished in himself and in his type, takes his place on August 29 in the chain of centenary figures of this year. Far beneath POE as a world-figure, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is of greater interest, at least, to the dwellers about Massachusetts Bay. It might have been of himself that one of his characters remarked: "Boston State-house is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar." The Boston "type" has long served as a stock comic lay figure. Dr. HOLMES was no mere *littérateur*. The study and practise of medicine was his vocation; literature was an avocation; whatever the general rule, the result in his case was admirable extremely. He is almost the only American who has written spontaneous *vers de société*. In this he often touches the Calverley level. His "Breakfast Table" series comes as close to good talk set on paper as anything this country has produced. In himself he was known (and exhibited) as the best conversationalist Boston, in the height of her glory, could boast. For thirty-five years he taught as professor of anatomy and physiology. The secret of his stimulative power as an instructor lay in sympathy mingled with sense. As a writer those are his qualities, added to the greatest of them, which was wit.



A ruined convent guarded by the troops



The remnants of another convent



A thoroughfare after the artillery had shelled it



Soldiers resting in the streets



Children playing the game of revolution

THE campaign of King Alfonso, now being conducted to hold the Moorish city of Melilla, caused the important commercial metropolis of the Province of Catalonia to rise against the Spanish Government with an anti-war demonstration which began as a lawless riot on July 28, and developed into a formidable rebellion. Attacks were first made upon the tram-cars; they were derailed and burned. The telegraph wires were next pulled down and railway lines cut away sufficiently to stop all transportation. Streets were then torn up, and the paving-blocks were used as barricades behind which the insurrectionists took shelter, and from which they could not be dislodged until after several hours of vigorous shelling from the artillery. Twenty-three houses fortified by the revolutionists were destroyed. Their number amounted to 30,000, while it took 8,000 regulars, with the aid of their machine guns, to reduce them. The dead have been estimated to aggregate as many as 2,000, although this is not considered authentic. The final subjugation of the mob in the central plaza of the city practically put an end to the rebellious disturbances in Spain, although continued mutterings have required great vigilance on the part of the Government to suppress them. The other cities of the kingdom which fell in behind the lead of Barcelona in rioting against the policies of the present Ministry were effectually checked in their course by the severity of the lesson received by the latter.

One feature of the Barcelona rebellion which aroused the attention of the whole world was the attack made upon religious edifices, monasteries, and convents. The inmates were treated with great barbarity, and in some cases even nuns were stoned and killed. By August 2 thirty-eight churches had been consumed in flames—some of them fired by women and children. A plot was subsequently revealed which developed the fact that the uprising was caused by a group of Anarchists and extreme Socialists from all nations, including criminals, who were aiming for "Social Revolution."

The Shattered City of Barcelona

The Broken Wing

The Girl Whose Dull Career Is Vivified by an Adventure in the Sky

By FREDERICK PALMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR LITTLE

"IT'S a beautiful day," said Appleton—who always stated the obvious in a confidential way—after they were started for the station.

"Perceptibly so," Alice Adamson responded, assentingly.

She was convinced that if any one said again that it was a beautiful day she should scream. Of course it was. But June at its best in northern Indiana had no charm for one in her state of mind. She was praying for a downpour of pitchforks, an earthquake, anything which would mean missing the train; while vaguely through the whirl of her thoughts she heard him saying:

"We'll be away from New York just in time to escape the heat. Summer in Europe always, I should say, and fall and early winter on the Hudson, wouldn't you?"

It was talk quite characteristic of their world—a world gifted in the pleasant uses of wealth. Now, for reasons she could not explain to herself, she was rebelling against the diet of a lifetime. She wished that Mr. Edwin Shepperson Appleton—and she could think of him only by his full name that morning—had done something worth while. She wished, in her own words, that he were an italicized man, even at the expense of his delightfully languid manner.

His mother and her own father and mother had overplayed their parts in behalf of the future of an only son and an only daughter. Though she had known him for years, the effect of the last two weeks of constant association with him at the Adamson country place had had the result of a gradual awakening which had culminated in an inward tempest of rebellion. She saw herself enmeshed in a web which had been woven by her partial consent.

When the parental party went ahead in the tonneau and left the objects of their planning to follow in the runabout, this piece of characteristic strategy had revealed prophetically a line of torments yet to come. In prospect was a three months' tour, tied to a string of European hotels, under the chaperonage of three old conspirators. She was lost unless something happened to prevent their catching the Limited which connected with the steamer at New York. The flowing road seemed a ribbon of fate winding about her existence as a spool.

"Wouldn't you?" Appleton repeated his question.

She was about to make some irrelevant answer when the whirl of a motor rising in cadence at double railroad speed attracted their attention. At the top of the hill which the runabout was ascending they recognized a sight not unfamiliar in the year 1912. An aeroplane, its great wings flashing a shadow over their faces, its propellers making a frothy swath of beaten light, swept by.

"I wish I were aboard!" Alice thought, wildly.

"Whew! Must be the Bolt!" said Appleton. "Going too fast to be any other."

The Bolt was Rodney Sharp's aeroplane; and she felt a peculiar interest in Rodney Sharp's career. It seemed to her that she knew him quite well. Looking over her shoulder, she saw the ship dipping as it approached Thomsonville. Then she was certain that it was the Bolt.

Often, she knew, in a New York-Chicago run Sharp made a detour over his home town. But he never stopped. His object seemed to be to satisfy an eagle's sentiment for soaring past the nest from which he had made his fledgling flights. It was twelve years now since they had met. From her carriage she had watched him, a youth of eighteen, take an ignominious tumble on the hillside back of the Methodist church to the guffaws of the local population. She had spoken to him and he had smiled in answer to the little girl who was with her governess. The picture he made as, flushed and determined, he stood beside the wreck of his machine facing ridicule, had a romantic place in her memory. Soon afterward he had left Thomsonville. And now "that queer Sharp boy" had made the continents and the seas—for he was the first to cross the ocean—a moving picture under his feet.

From the Bolt she looked back at Appleton, who was about to take up the conversation where he had left it. It occurred to her that he was positively inane. Must she dine with him, walk with him, talk with him all her life? she asked herself. Good heavens! They might even live to celebrate a golden wedding!

The prospect of that golden wedding to her overwrought nerves played a controlling part in the events which followed. Ahead on the silent road a mar on horseback was approaching. Evidently he was in a hurry and determined that the automobile should wait on him while he crossed the culvert over a small stream. As Appleton slowed down, Alice suddenly saw in the situation the means to miss the train: to a recess from his company which would give her time to consider her true feelings toward the man at her side. Her glimpse of aerial freedom had given her courage and imagination. Besides, a little shaking might discover the latent italics which seemed lacking in Appleton's nature. With

a quick movement, her hand slipped to the wheel, and under the spur of an opportunity so evident and appealing she gave it the turn that spelled the difference between security and catastrophe.

The road seemed to drop from under the car and the car from under her, while her first distinct impression was one of guilty fear. What if she were responsible for maiming, yes, even for killing, Appleton? The next that she knew she was on the grassy embankment facing the seat from which she had been precipitated. She looked for Appleton, who had gone in a different direction. He



"How did it happen?" he gasped, as he glanced downward at his mud-drenched clothes

was rising from the water, dripping but uninjured. Assured of his safety, she pulled her skirt over her shoe-tops, made certain that she had not lost her hatpins, and viewed the situation blithely. Blinking and spluttering, her companion wiped his face with his handkerchief. People who were awakened out of a sound sleep by the San Francisco earthquake may understand his state of mind.

"How did it happen?" he gasped, as he glanced downward at his mud-drenched clothes.

If he did not know, it was far from any thought of hers to complicate matters by enlightening him.

"Extraordinary!" she murmured. "Wasn't it creditable of both of us not to scream?"

Edwin Shepperson Appleton was now sufficiently recovered to think of something besides himself.

"Look at the machine!" he exclaimed, with a grievous gesture toward the runabout, which lay on its side wedged into the bank. "How are we ever going to pull it out?"

But he had overlooked the farmhand, who had dismounted and was standing beside his horse, which was in its working harness. Appleton's face lighted at the offer of assistance, but a shadow crossed it after he had raised the crumpled hood and looked at the machinery, which was broken beyond immediate repair.

"It won't go!" he announced, blankly.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Alice, unconsciously giving voice to her feelings and further demoralizing Appleton. He drew a long breath before he was able to utter a word.

"Splendid! Well, of all—it—it isn't a joke, Alice! Don't you see that if we miss the train we miss the steamer? And we've only fifteen minutes—and—"

He saw that he was wasting time. The shock had driven her silly, he concluded. Anyhow, he thought, this was better than if she had gone into hysterics; though the picture of her, serene, even gloating, as she surveyed her shoe-tips which she jiggled over the water, was exasperating.

"What are we to do?" he demanded, hopelessly, of the world in general.

"That is for you to say," she returned. Her glance swept past him to a speck in the sky seemingly growing larger. "Perhaps you might signal the aeroplane," she added.

"Signal an aeroplane!" exclaimed Appleton. He was fairly petulant. "Why will you talk nonsense, Alice?" Then he turned to the farmhand with something like a show of initiative for the first time. "Can't you, yes, can't you ride like—like mad"—this was exceptionally strong language for him—"to the next house and get a buggy?"

"The folks that live there ain't got but one buggy, an' they're in town with that," was the answer; "an' you couldn't make it in less than half an hour, nohow, in a lumber wagon."

"Splendid!" began Alice, and hid her face in her hands for shame.

Appleton leaned against the machine in despair.

"Say," drawled the spectator, with a chuckle. He was surveying the situation through his eyebrows enjoyably, but at the same time he was sympathetic. "Say, why don't you both jump on the boss an' when

you get to Perkins's—that's the next house beyond—you can rush into his barn an' get another."

Alice forgot the aeroplane, now the size of an eagle and pointing directly for them, and gave the man a look that might well make an ogre pause.

"Never! Never! Two of us in that fashion? Never!" she said.

She was pained, not to say shocked; but less so than Appleton when he heard her answer. However, he tried to be diplomatic.

"Yes, do, Alice, do! It'll be a lark!" he pleaded. "Why, I thought you—you were just the

girl to enjoy a little romance." For him the routine of the solar system was in danger.

"Never! Not that kind! I'll wait for you to bring a rig."

"But it makes such a mess all round! Can't you see that if we miss this steamer we may have to wait weeks—and it will be dreadfully hot in New York!"

She did not answer except to adjust her position and lean her head against the wall of the culvert. Apparently, all she needed was a novel to pass the rest of the day pleasantly. It was time for him to be firm, he thought; but firmness as exemplified by Edwin Shepperson was a most wavering exhibition.

"You must!" he stammered.

She wondered if he would pick her up and put her on the horse, willy-nilly. That would show he had some force of character. It would greatly improve, if not italicize, her opinion of him as a man. If they really had to go to Europe together she rather wished that he would. The best he could do, however, was to study his watch-face dismally. She looked back to the sky, and the swiftly increasing hum of a motor in their ears called the glance of the others after hers.

"By jing! It's that flyin' machine! She's a-comin' some! An', by jing!—yes, by jing! ef she ain't—a-goin'—to—stop!" exclaimed the farmhand, who was enjoying a most interesting forenoon.

The propeller was still. There was the dead silence of the countryside and of space as the Bolt, with the dipping swoop of a gull at sight of a piece of bread on the waters, hovered over them and lighted on the road a few yards away, with ease and precision. The driver, a supple, spare man, stepped from his seat to the ground. So familiar was the public with Rodney Sharp's face from the prints that he needed no introduction. His manner, as he lifted his cap, quite relieved any appearance of aerial patronage to the battered earthly cousin, with its radiator rammed into the earth. A faint tide of color rose in his cheeks at sight of Alice, and possibly also in hers. He had not seen her since, as a little girl, she had watched his first experiment. There was no other sign of recognition on the part of either as he asked, in the terms of the automobile fellowship of the road, if he could be of any assistance.

With an apology for interrupting Appleton's excited repetition of broken, hasty sentences about trains and steamers to Europe and ten minutes, he said, when he had grasped the situation:

"It's only three or four miles to the station, isn't it? That's easy in the time you have. In fact, I expect to be in New York at three this afternoon. But the Bolt is my racer, and while I can take one-passenger easily, I can't quite manage two."

Appleton had never been in an aeroplane. He was a conservative, with a stage-coach preference for automobiles, who regarded Rodney Sharp as a gallery player. But he was ready to show that, in this terrible crisis, he was not afraid to do his duty.

"I'll go with him, Alice," he said, "and you can ride the horse, and I think I can hold the Limited for a few minutes. Anyway, your father can."

Here Alice missed her cue and probably forfeited all right to sympathy. What more could she ask than to be

left to herself to take her own time to catch the train? This new development had befogged the very object for which she had driven the runabout into the creek. The awkward country boy—the son of the village blacksmith in a community where she had known the isolation of the rich—was now a courteous man of the world, waiting with polite reserve on her wishes and piquing her curiosity as to how the transformation had been wrought. And she was going to fly, and in the *Bolt*, whose fame was linked with Sharp's. She signaled her decision to Appleton as she stepped past him.

"Alice! Consider the danger!" he protested. "There is none for a flight like this," put in Sharp, politely but decidedly. He settled the matter masterfully for all by adding to Alice: "It's very simple, you see," illustrating, himself, the position she was to take, "if you just place yourself there—yes, just so, that's right—and keep quite still and take hold of that bar, so, and mind to keep your head behind the hood or it will be hard to get your breath in the rush of air."

His manner had the distinction of something better than positiveness. It radiated confidence. Quite as naturally as she would enter an automobile, Alice took her place. Sharp took his at the levers, while Appleton blinked over the discovery that he was not having his own way.

"No time to be lost! You had better mount your horse and start!" Alice called over her shoulder.

"Yes, We'll meet you at the station. Now, all ready!" said Sharp.

The churning whirr of the cylinders drowned further remarks from Appleton. He stretched out his arms in appeal as fruitlessly as if he had tried to catch a wild bird sitting on a limb. With the quiver of a tuning-fork, the delicate frame of the *Bolt* settled into perfect rigidity as it rose.

"I was lead and now I am a feather!" Alice whispered, in delight.

At the end of the angle of ascent they were already over the first farmhouse. Fences, fields, and brooks flew by in a pattern, with the station rising, a red brick spot, out of the meadows.

"We made a spurt to get headway," said Sharp. "Now we'll soar in."

The sight of her father's automobile rounding the grass plat to the station door brought her back to a sense of the price she had paid for the wonder of two minutes' new and glorious experience. She was going to catch the train and the steamer, after all.

"You say you will be in New York this afternoon?" she asked.

"Easily and early. We have a favoring wind," Sharp answered, automatically, occupied with his levers.

He was a most matter-of-fact creature, this Rodney Sharp, she thought—a piece of machinery. There were a few seconds' silence, in which the *Bolt* flung a descending circle toward the trolley, from which her father and mother and Mrs. Appleton were just alighting.

"Think of it! Think of it!" said Alice. "In New York this afternoon!"

"Yes," he returned, with a sidelong glance of inquiry. "It's not so dusty as the train ride, and"—he laughed softly, which made her think that he might have at least an aero-mechanical sense of humor—"I should be delighted to have you come along."

"It's very kind of you—and I don't like duty. I think I will."

"Shall I stop at the station? Do you wish to see anybody there?" he asked.

"No—oh, no, no!" she answered, most emphatically.

Fifty feet above the ground they swept over three uplifted faces, luminous with surprise, as they recognized the *Bolt's* passenger.

"I'll meet you at the Grand Central when your train comes in, mother!" she called. "I'm all right. I'm perfectly safe"—and the three faces were lost in the brick of the fading station.

Then, under her very chin, Alice saw Appleton hammering the flanks of his plodding horse with his boots. She thought of him kindly, platonically, by his Christian name before he passed out of sight with the quickness of a marionette on a spinning wheel. But here a new question occurred to her, one whose immediate answer would spare her suspense. Her purpose was equally as well served by having Appleton miss the steamer as by missing it herself.

"Could you slow up?" she asked, abruptly. "I'd—I'd really like to see if Edwin caught the train." She hummed a bar of an air. "H-m-m, quite a lot depends on it."

"Why, certainly," Sharp answered. They were far past the rider by this time, but the *Bolt*, retracing its course, soon brought him into view, and there was something sensibly mischievous in the way—a gull watching a snail—that the helmsman kept the shadow of the port planes, a pursuing specter, up and down hill and with the bends of the road, over that excited horseman who was in a race against time. Appleton won by a breath, leaping aboard the Pullman at the last second, to Alice's dismay. Everybody concerned would now catch the steamer; fate was only postponed. She had been a fool, she told herself, not to have refused Sharp's offer.

"You're quite sure you'll be in New York this afternoon?" she asked.

"Absolutely. Now for it!" For a twinkling the *Bolt* hung over the sleepers like a ship's sails bent taut by a strong breeze over

the hull, before it drew away from the Limited as rapidly as the Limited away from a buggy on the highway. It was a giant, supernatural plummet shot in undeviating flight, steady and firm, yet so light that Alice felt herself a loosed spirit, borne on by the will of another who had eliminated time and space from the universe.

She tried exposing her forehead to the rush of air. It cut her skin like alcohol from an atomizer on a raw surface. With her eyes behind the hood again and looking down, the *Bolt*, flying so softly and swiftly, seemed stationary and the landscape to march. They were watching the revolution of the earth with the eyes of the morning sun that brings the break of day to the world around. The shape of a celery dish, Lake Erie lay a welter of silver-bronze, now the bronze glowing deep, now the silver rising in shimmering swaths or quick, capricious beams.

"We might cross," said Sharp. The soprano note of the propeller fell to a mezzo; he threw the rudder over, and out of the mist rose far shores, which the *Bolt* skirted with another turn.

"Howdy do, Canada, and good-by, Canada!" Alice called.

Niagara was the foamy tassel at the end of the river's silken string; while beyond, the cataracts made a writhing green and black and silver snake. Over Buffalo hung the misty exhalation of its activities; and the *Bolt* soaring in silence as they passed, the beating symphony of its traffic came to their ears. Then the cylinders began their knitting again, and Sharp set his course on a beeline across an aerial tableland for New York; and New York suddenly seemed very near. She no longer had any doubt that she would arrive in time.

Now, instead of the landscape, which made an ever-changing rug-maker's paradise to the eye, Alice studied the man and the machine which preoccupied him. His lean, clear-cut face, bronzed by the wind, had the rapturous intensity of a boy listening to a tale of adventure. She understood how to him taking a risk was only turning over a leaf to another chapter of happy experiment.

Did he remember what she had said after his tumble twelve years ago? Did he remember her at all? Hardly. He had dwelt in no human world, but one of risk and chance and endless battle with the laws of gravity. A twisted wrist, still supple in its leverage for the capable, long-fingered hand, was the mark of one of his many accidents. The principles of the theorists' essays he had seized as something to be incarnated in cloth, wood, and metal. He had lived on a pit-



"By jing! It's that flyin' machine! She's a-comin' come!"

tance, building, remodeling, soaring, tumbling, until success had come. "The thing to do is to keep on trying to fly," she recalled as his maxim, which she had read somewhere. Undoubtedly he was a man unafraid; yes, an italicized man.

"What is our speed?" she asked, finally.

"About two hundred."

"Miles an hour?"

"Yes, it's a record—and only three years ago sixty was our best. We have mastered the currents, now, and we're being pushed by one in our favor."

By this time Alice was ready to believe in fairy tales; and had she felt any incredulity it would have passed with her awakening from the hypnotism of flight at the sight of the skyscrapers of Manhattan rising above the dark spot of Jersey City, steel-streaked with the switches of the railroad yards. She recognized at its slip the monster hull of the great liner which was to take her abroad, with the black, gaping mouths of its huge stacks. As the *Bolt* dipped and turned toward the Governor's Island landing-stage, the white stretch of the cabins and the domino spots of their ports blotted the rest of the city out of her mind.

"You'll be at your hotel by three," said Sharp, without looking up.

She was a passenger and this impersonal, concentrated human machine the conductor of the train—that was all. Yes, that was all of everything. Nemesis had sent Rodney Sharp with the *Bolt* to make sure that she marry Edwin Shepperson Appleton, who now had his full name

again. The mystery and joy of flight had awakened a strange, new, unsatisfied spirit. For another hour in the heavens before she returned to be a creature with leaden feet on the earth she would give a year of her life. She tossed a tentative, hinting question at Sharp.

"How high can you go?"

"It depends on conditions. Three or four miles," he answered, steadying the *Bolt* in the air current opposite her slip, where the figures of the attendants were seen running to their places.

"That must be glorious! Oh, I'd like that!"

"You would?" He looked around at her, smiling, while the *Bolt* was as still as if some Yogi had suspended it by an invisible wire.

He scanned the sky, now overspreading with fleecy clouds. His keen eye seemed to pierce their texture in a study of the atmospheric conditions beyond. She saw him shake his head and set the planes for descent, and then, impelled by an impulse as sudden as her own which had sent the runabout into the creek, he shot over the levers and the *Bolt* skimmed the top of Castle William.

"We'll try it," he said. "But we can't go up like an elevator. We have to climb a pyramidal, aerial staircase, as it were;" and already they were rising.

Broadway lay underneath their feet, a great gash in the masonry of the city from the Battery to the green plot of the park. . . . The top of the beehive was off; the workers could be seen at their tasks. A wedding was coming out of one church; a funeral procession out of another. A knot of which a blue speck was the center was explained by the arrival of a patrol-wagon; surface cars and elevated trains were the busy weavers of a web; a fire-engine was a drawn string of flashing brass and a stream of sparks, and its horses galloping mice. The moving pencil-points of the sidewalks in the busy streets were streams which became white-crested with the upturning of faces, as the people of a metropolis, one and all for the second forgetting their individual thoughts and activities, cried: "The *Bolt*!"

"It beats any relief maps on the schoolroom walls, doesn't it?" said Sharp. "Think of the day when we can take the kids out of the tenements for an aerial afternoon, really to see the town in which they live; see it plotted in its arteries of life like the veins of a frog's leg under a microscope!"

They passed over the Hudson, which was one side of a silver frame for the picture of Westchester's country estates, and in an ascending circle over the Jersey City ferry slips, with a near glimpse of the part in Miss Liberty's hair. Mr. Edwin Shepperson Appleton was in limbo: Alice was living for an hour, with no thought of her future.

"If I dropped it would be death, wouldn't it?" she whispered. "My reason tells me so, but not my feelings. It seems as if I could flutter down gently or soar to the top of the Custom House, as I chose. Do you ever feel that way?"

"Yes. That's the trick—confidence. A pitcher must never think he is not going to strike the batsman out; an aeroplanist must never think that he is going to fall. And if something breaks—that's the fight."

She thought of him as a D'Artagnan of the air. She wished that they might be in danger, so that she could watch him at war with the battalions of gravity.

"And the confidence that carried me through—" he turned to her with a smile that had the suggestion of the self-revelation which is the forerunner of inquiry—"yes, it came from what might seem a little thing." He paused, as if waiting for some word from her.

Afar out at sea was a liner coming and another going. Two others lay at Quarantine against the background of Wadsworth's gun positions revealed. Others at anchor, or waiting to be warped into their slips, were big seeds and the tugs little seeds on the water, gray-green under a cloud, into which melted the broadening swath of ferryboats. Brooklyn, caught to Manhattan by the ribbons of the bridges, was a plotted brown patch at the end of the long tongue of land, with the silver gray of the Sound cut by fretted shores on one side and on the other by the rising and falling white points of surf and by the lacework of the shallows of Jamaica Bay, which under a fleeting patch of sunlight were streams of molten lava invading the land.

"Wonderful!" Alice whispered.

Transcendent spirits of flight, they kept on, up and up and up, the mingled sounds of traffic growing dimmer and the map drawn together toward a central point, as if by the closing fingers of a giant hand.

"Wonderful!" she repeated; "very wonderful, and most wonderful of all is—" she was going to say "you," but she made it, "your mastery of the air."

This gave him courage to express his fast-developing idea. He was flushed, his eyes were beaming, as he turned to her now, seeking comprehension.

"No. If I am to be mentioned, it all goes back to—Thomsonville. When I had spent my last cent on that poor, sorry experiment that cost me a year's labor and all the village was laughing, there was a girl in a carriage looking on with the rest. She said—but do you recall what she said?"

That was his test, justifying a new kind of flight by the pilot of the *Bolt*. If she did remember, he might have more to say. He still felt the diffidence, not to mention his pride, of the blacksmith's son toward the daughter of the rich man of the community.

"Yes," she answered. "I said: 'But you did fly a little. You flew farther than you could jump—farther

than two big jumps—yes, two big jumps, as a little girl would put it."

The words were as distinct in her mind as when she uttered them. They sounded the same to him, except that it was the voice of a woman who spoke them now. She was tingling all over in a way that would not let her raise her eyes. Suddenly a film blotted the city out of sight. They were alone in the heavens. The mist of the cloud grew denser.

"It was the only encouragement I had had," he proceeded. "It stopped the smarting of peeled shins and elbows and saved me from trying to thrash the village bully. That night I kept repeating 'two big jumps.' It really seemed a beginning, and I rose in the morning determined not to give up."

"Oh!" she whispered, with a suppression of breath; and all he could see of her bent head was the hair blown from under her hat and her ear and the curve of her cheek.

The mist which enveloped them grew luminous. They passed into a space of sunny ozone, the light of which was suddenly shut off by another rolling cloud into which they sped. This grew darker with their progress. The moist rush of its vapor on their cheeks ceasing, they entered another dark, open space and saw ahead a bank of dense, smoky purple, cut by sabre flashes, and heard the roar of thunder. Now Alice did look at Sharp's face. It was drawn taut as the cloth walls of the planes. The supreme thing for which she had wished had come. They were in danger.

"Through it! Through it—the quicker the better!" he assured her. "The harbor is on the other side."

A first few fugitive, big raindrops struck her face and then a gust of them, like the driven spray over a ship's bow. She was in the forge where the shafts that strike the earth come swift and glowing from the anvil. A cyclonic whirlwind racked the *Bolt*, playing with the ship of the air as a zephyr plays with a thistle-blow. It whistled blisteringly through the planes. Streaks of lightning ran along the frame and livid violet balls shot past. Alice saw Sharp, bent, intent, spectral, and cool, and she held fast and guessed the end as some inevitable decree of elemental chance with which a little human being might not quarrel.

Carrening, the *Bolt* all but turned turtle as it emerged from the deluging drive of rain, the blackness and the flashes into the clear, sun-swept haven above the danger line, yet without regaining equilibrium. It rocked, plunged, trembled, and swayed, like a creature in its death throes.

Alice's blinded eyes accustoming themselves to the light, she saw what had happened. With his feet braced against the central structure, Sharp had made of his arm a rod to take the place of the shattered one that had held the guiding-planes in place.

But it was not this that turned his lips ashen. The ship had suffered a far more serious injury. The fraction of a second longer in the storm and there could have been no suspense before the end. One of the *Bolt's* great wings was broken. By a sliver, one of the two main rods of the port upper plane held the crumbling cloth from sinking altogether onto the lower plane. Every plunge threatened the other rod and broadened the split.

Now, indeed, was D'Artagnan against odds, with the gleam of steel reflected in his eyes. Steadying the *Bolt* with the throw of his body, Sharp was battling for life with a gymnast's skill on a teetering wire. Alice felt her uselessness, not daring to stir lest she should incline the wrong way.

Freeing his hand from the wheel for an instant, Sharp drew from the tool-box a spool of copper wire, and then looked past Alice to the break and unconsciously shook his head. She saw what was in his mind. To leave his position meant that the *Bolt* would capsize before he could reach the break. Their fighting hope hung on joining the split ends of the rod. Without immediate repair death was inevitable. A glance of understanding, without appeal or any outward show of emotion, passed between them. Then his lips moved in a smile—a wonderful smile, which was the inspiration of her idea.

"A woman may also have courage," she said.

Her tone, even and natural, surprised her own ears, and she was proud of this fact in his presence.

"Of course you have courage," he returned; "great courage. I know it."

"And I can wind wire," she added.

"Courage—and—" he paused—"and the thing which your encouragement taught me."

She could blush over this, there in the midst of danger.

"Confidence! Confidence!" she repeated, remembering the key to the mysteries. "Confidence!"

She exhibited it by disengaging one of her hands and taking the spool from him.

"Can you crawl out on to the lower plane and reach up to that rod?" he asked, in such a way that it seemed to her the worst coward could not have said no.

"Isn't that the only thing to do?" she asked.

"Yes, and you will do it. Remember—confidence!"

She made her first move away from the stability of her seat and from the proximity of his buoyant, pervasive personality and paused, trembling at the prospect.

"My weight—it will—it will break the balance," she said.

"No. I can throw mine against it. I can use the planes and the propeller to assist. Don't look down. You're only crawling along a pipe three feet above the ground!" He sent her another wonderful smile, which seemed to intoxicate her with strength.

Partly supporting herself on the rod and partly on the moist sheet, slippery and yielding, Alice crept out, inch by inch, pausing with each plunge of the planes and making another advance in a moment of steadiness, her hold on life the strength of her fingers' grip, till the first part was done. But the terrible part was to come. The break lay four feet over her head. How was she to support herself as she reached aloft?

For the first time she looked down. The dark cloud had emptied its cargo of water and despatched its lightnings. It was fleecy, gentle, welcoming. It called her with a fascination that relaxed her muscles and paralyzed her head and nerves.

"I can't! I can't!" she cried.

"Why, yes, you can!" said Sharp. "Of course you can!"

This woke her out of her spell. She looked up at the break determinedly, only to feel how futile was her mission. How could she ever deal the ends together? No man had strength enough for that.

"Now I am going to drive her hard at an angle which will straighten out the broken part by the force of flight," Sharp added. "Hold fast! It's all right!"

He was uncertain that he could do this, but it was the major operation which he had planned. He flung back the spark and opened the throttle wide. The *Bolt's* starboard planes rose suddenly, like the end of a teeter-board, and the port ones sank, while the rod to which she was clinging with a lurch took an abrupt incline.

She was looking at the cloud once more, and it seemed as if she could never look away from it again.

"See! The parts are together! Quick, while they are!" Sharp called to her, and thought himself a brute for his command, a murderer for ever having brought her.

Alice answered mechanically, as if she were a puppet at the nerve-ends of his will. She threw herself across the space between the two planes to the broken rod and closed her eyes. But she opened them to find that she had bridged the gulf.

"Splendid! Splendid! Now, your arm around the inner section," he shouted, "just as if you were standing on a limb of a tree and steadying yourself by the one above while you picked a pear."

The cheeriness of his voice was a guide to make any path seem easy. Somewhere she had seen a workman on a girder of a high building doing the same thing, and it was surprisingly easy, she learned, if you did not look at the cloud or away from the break or think of the motion of the *Bolt* as it rocketed in a narrow circle. Every time around added one more strand to that copper bandage she was making. Fingers bleeding and aching, mechanically she kept on winding. When, with a master workman's pride, she had twisted the knot and let the empty spool fall, she realized that the *Bolt* was sailing steadily. The rod under her feet felt as solid as a steamer's deck; the cloud beneath was no more ominous than the turf under the legs of a lawn chair. But this was only a passing impression incidental to her great thought as she sank, relaxed, on to the lower plane. She cried aloud with the gratitude of one who has received a great gift, and in the light of her discovery she repeated:

"I did this! I—I did this! Yes, I could and I did! And"—this she added with a sudden, hysterical laugh, after a pause—"and Edwin must be about at Buffalo by this time."

She had found herself. She knew that she was not going to marry Appleton, though a parental convoy took her twice around the world in his company. Thus absorbed with the relation of her new self to the things of earth, she had not looked toward Sharp. Her last glimpse of him as she set out to mend the broken rod seemed to belong to another age. She was conscious of his nearness, even that his thoughts were of her; his confident calls above the surging of the air through the planes and the whirr of the propeller were still eddying in her ears when he now spoke in a softer tone. She lifted her lashes and saw deep into his eyes and deep into the heart of the man—an italicized man.

"It was worth all the danger to have learned the greatness in you," he said, "and to have watched you. With each strand of the wire which you wound around the rod—ah, you must know what else you were winding!"

Having repaired the broken brace of the guiding plane, his hand was free to assist her back to her place. His grip was as strong as his will which he had projected into her being a few minutes before; but it was also velvet and warm with the flood of his feeling. There was no resisting his words or his smile or the desire for eternal fellowship with him in the skies as they swept downward through the mists, rosy with sprinkled sunlight, to the panorama of the city still glistening from the moisture of a summer shower.

"I can not believe that this morning was this morning or this afternoon is this afternoon," Alice said. "It seems as if I had lived a year."

"Then our courtship has been long enough to satisfy all conventions," Sharp returned.

The Tame Man of Borneo

Bill Simms' Sea-faring Circus Appears in Pastures New and Accidental

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

"Somewhere, August 16, 1908. I have been cast ashore on east coast of an island that looks to me like Borneo. Small river to north and big mountain to west. Am on wreck of the *Daisy D.* Please hunt me up.

(Signed) "WILLIAM SIMMS."

There was nothing on the raft to indicate that it had ever carried a human occupant.

"Dot was written a month ago," mused Captain Stein, as he removed the inscription. "I remember dot *Daisy D.*, but who is dis Villum Simms?"

A few minutes later the *Minerva* continued her southwesterly course, leaving in her wake the tattered remnants of a gaudy poster which bobbed on the waves and proclaimed to the circling gulls that Simms' International Circus and Menagerie was the greatest show on earth. Two days later the steamer dropped anchor in Surabaya, and the Javanese harbor-master listened rather indifferently to the tale told by Captain Stein.

"You are the fourth to bring in that yarn," he said. "There must be a fleet of those circus posters drifting around Macassar Strait. Looks to me like a clever Yankee advertising scheme. This Simms circus was here about four months ago, but I've heard nothing about the wreck of the *Daisy D.*"

He heard all about it two days later. A steamer bound from Shanghai to Sydney made its regular stop

at Surabaya, and one of its passengers was Jed Blount, owner and captain of the lost schooner *Daisy D.* He told this story:

"About six months ago I met this man Simms in Suva, Fiji. He owned a circus and menagerie, and was making a tour of the South Seas looking for excitement and adventures. He got the idea in his head that it would be a great stunt to charter the *Daisy D.* for his outfit, and I was fool enough to make a contract with him. We ran into typhoons, got mixed up with cannibals, and had a devil of a time generally, but the more trouble we had the more this crazy Simms was tickled.

"We were headed up Macassar Strait early last August when we struck that big blow. The *Daisy D.* was stripped of her masts and was in a sinking condition when we sighted the steamer *Sunda* bound north for Shanghai. She answered our distress signals and lowered boats to take us off. There were ten of us in the last boat, including Simms and myself. The old man hung back until the last minute. His circus stuff and animals were insured, but he hated to quit the beasts, especially a thumping big elephant he called 'John L.' He was a mighty intelligent beast, and had saved Simms' life, but there was no help for it—at least so I thought, and I owned the schooner.

"The elephant and the rest of the animals were batted down in the second deck, and the broken masts and rigging were trailing over the starboard side. I never saw a more complete wreck afloat. Just as we were pushing away from the schooner that elephant, 'John L.' let out a blast with his trunk that you could hear above the roar of the wind and waves. Old Bill Simms gave a groan, made a leap from the stern,



THE tramp steamer *Minerva*, black of hull and dirty of deck, was churning her way through the placid waters of Macassar Strait, in that delectable section of the globe which lies midway between Borneo and Celebes. She may have been ten miles south or as many north of the equator—it was so hot that her stolid German captain neither knew nor cared.

A speck on the southwestern horizon attracted the notice of the lookout. Captain Stein, aroused at his call, mopped his brow and gazed long through the glasses.

"I never saw anyt'in' like dot," he growled. "Head her over dot way," he ordered the wheelman.

The distant speck took on definite shape as the steamer logged the few intervening miles. The jangling of a bell was followed by a cessation of the thrust of the screw, the *Minerva* described a quarter circle, slowed down, and swung idly in the lazy heave of the sea. This was what Captain Stein discovered:

Mounted on a roughly constructed raft was a bamboo frame, and spread across this frame was what remained of a twelve-sheet circus poster, depicting an enormous lion jumping from the back of a galloping horse through a flaming hoop. Above this specimen of the lithographer's art was lettering which read:

"THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

"SIMMS' INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE"

And tacked across the center of the poster there was a strip of cardboard on which was scrawled this inscription:



"From the dressing-room rode King Swatasoki"

caught hold of a busted stay, and pulled himself aboard the deck of the schooner again.

"I'm goin' tew let old 'John L.' out of that hole an' give him a chance fer his life!" he shouted. "Wait fer me!"

"There was another squall coming and the officer yelled to Simms to get back into the boat. The old man refused, and asked them to come back after him. The officer shook his head.

"Go ter hell, then!" shouted old Bill Simms. "'John L.' allers stuck ter me, an' I'm blamed if I'm goin' ter leave him drown in this old hooker!"

"The squall struck us, the rain fell in sheets, and the wind was something awful. For ten minutes we had all we could do to keep afloat. The officer was only bluffing about leaving the old man on the deck of that sinking schooner, but darkness came on and we saw no more of the *Daisy D.* We finally got aboard the *Sunda*, and her captain lay to all night. The day broke clear with the gale over, but we saw no sign of the *Daisy D.* I took it for granted that she had sunk. We made no stops until we got to Shanghai. I rested up a bit and then came back here to see if there was any chance that either Bill Simms or the *Daisy D.* was saved."

Among the listeners to this tale was a prosperous-looking gentleman garbed in a handsome yachting suit. The harbor-master had bowed deferentially and addressed him as "Mr. Allison."

"Do you happen to know if this William Simms came from Salem, Massachusetts?" asked Mr. Allison.

"That's where he came from," promptly replied Captain Blout. "All of his insurance and other papers are made out to his wife, who lives there. I brought them off the schooner."

"Im here with my yacht, the *Iroquois*," said Mr. Allison. "Would you mind going aboard her, Captain Blout? I have something important to tell you."

An electric launch carried them swiftly to the magnificent private yacht, the cherished plaything of this multimillionaire who had the sense to retire at forty-five and enjoy the pleasures that the world offers to those who can command them.

"I lived in Salem when a youngster," began Mr. Allison, when they were seated in a corner of the superb cabin. "Our folks were very poor. My father worked in one of the mills, and married a girl who slaved in the same room with him. Children came fast, but I was the only boy. When I was about twelve years old the Simms Circus came to town. It was quite an event, since the Simms family lived in Salem and were neighbors of ours. I had never seen William Simms, but admired him because I had heard that he ran away from home when sixteen and joined the circus he then owned."

"At noon on the first day of the circus there came a sharp rap on the window. Mother opened the door, and there stood one of the handsomest men I ever saw. At first my mother didn't recognize him, then she blushed and exclaimed:

"Well, if it isn't Billy Simms!"

Mr. Allison smiled thoughtfully at this recollection, and filled Captain Blout's glass.

"Years afterward my mother told me that Billy Simms had been her boyish sweetheart," he continued. "He stayed to dinner, ate our poor fare, teased my mother, 'oked with my father, and left with us a big bunch of free tickets. He took a great fancy to me, let me ride on the elephant, and made me the happiest lad in Salem. Every time he returned he repeated this performance. He was my first ideal of a great man, and I have not outgrown it."

"He is a great man," solemnly agreed Captain Blout. "His sticking to 'John L.' proves it."

"We must rescue him, if alive," Mr. Allison said. "My yacht, my services, and my money are at your

disposal, Captain Blout. We must search these coasts until we find him. When will you be ready to leave?"

"In an hour," instantly responded Captain Blout.

Late that afternoon the *Iroquois* glided swiftly out of Surabaya harbor, and ere dark her prow was cutting the Java Sea. Pilots more or less familiar with the coasts of Borneo were picked up in Banjarmasin, and the long quest began. Many times in the two weeks which followed it seemed that their search was hopeless. Islands, jutting capes, intricate sand-bars, deltas of rivers, winding bays, and



"The multitude of savage warriors fell on their respective faces"

other features of this uncharted and little-known coast made the task a difficult and dangerous one.

Much of the exploration was made in the launch, the depth of water preventing the yacht from nearing the reef-protected beaches. They finally worked north until they came to a region where spurs of unnamed mountain ranges reach to the water's edge, ending in many places in high cliffs with the surf boiling at their feet. Early one morning, on the fiftieth day out of Banjarmasin, Captain Blout lowered his glasses and gave a deep roar of joy.

"Look! Look!" he shouted to Mr. Allison, gripping his arm and pointing ahead.

Less than a quarter of a mile to the north was a cliff, and on its crest was displayed a huge poster representing a many-colored hippopotamus with an agonized heathen about to be crushed in his wide-opened jaws. Above this work of art was the lettering:

"WAIT FOR THE COMING OF

"SIMMS' INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE

"THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH"

Never had Marshall Allison gazed on a painting which so thrilled him with rapture as did that riot of color depicting the mythical Simms hippopotamus.

For half a mile the launch ran at reduced speed, the occupants keeping a sharp lookout for any signs of the lost circus man. Then they entered the smooth waters of a sound formed by a cragged island which lay parallel to the shore. Mr. Allison was the one to discover the battered hull of the *Daisy D.*, lying at anchor in a perfectly sheltered cove protected from the sea by the island. They were almost upon the storm-beaten schooner before its outline was revealed beyond a jutting wall of rock.

Captain Blout lifted his voice in a shout which came back in crashing echoes. These had hardly died away when a tall figure appeared from back of the shattered cabin, and two minutes later the good captain scrambled to the deck of the *Daisy D.* and grasped the hands of Bill Simms.

"Glory be, Cap'n Blout!" the old man exclaimed. "I'm amazin' glad ter see ye. An' you too, stranger," helping Mr. Allison over the ship's side. "I don't know who ye air, but if ye don't look like little Marsh Allison from back in Salem, Massachusetts, I'm a coyote."

"You have called the turn, Mr. Simms," laughed the stalwart millionaire. "I'm proud and glad to be able to do this little in return for those circus tickets and those rides on the elephant in Salem."

"How is yer mother, Marsh?" eagerly asked the old man.

"In splendid health, and often speaks of you."

"Never was a finer woman than your mother," he declared, then turned to Captain Blout. "Cap'n, I began tew think you was never comin' after this here old hooker of a schooner. Dew I get anythin' fer salvage?" with a shrewd wink at Allison.

"Anything in reason," agreed Captain Blout.

"I won't charge ye a cent," grinned old Bill Simms. "I've had a million dollars' worth of fun aboard her since I saw ye last."

"Where's 'John L.'?" asked the captain, peering down the companionway.

"He's ashore," pointing to the west, "an' I must get a move on an' join him. I'll tell you what's happened on the way over. I'll hitch the dingy to that swell launch of yours, and we'll hit the beach in style."

During the three-mile run to their destination, old Bill Simms thus narrated a part of his strange adventures:

"As you will remember, Cap'n, a rippin' squall struck

us a few seconds after I changed my mind an' clum aboard the *Daisy D.* I said a few hurried prayers an' erbout give it up. I also realized that it was all dummed nonsense tew try tew let 'John L.' up on deck. If I opened the hatch for'ard the first few waves would fill the schooner full of water, so I decided tew let bad enough alone. I tied myself to the stump of the mizzenmast, thought over my past life, wondered what kind of an obituary I would get in the Salem papers, an' let it go at that.

"Most every wave went plumb over her, but I reckon the trailin' wreckage sorter kept the *Daisy D.* from turnin' bottom up. The gale died down after a bit, it was darker than a mouse-hole in a vault, an' finally I fell asleep.

"When I woke up the sun was shinin' full in my face an' the sea wasn't bad at all. Thar I was all alone on the *Daisy D.*, an' some tickled tew be alive. I unlashed myself, found an ax an' busted a way intew the cabin. I got somethin' tew eat, then opened up the for'ard hatch an' greeted old 'John L.' The pleased twinkle in the eyes of that wonderful animal more'n paid me fer all my risk an' sufferin'. We was well loaded with grub fer man an' beast, an' I perked up a lot. I fed all the animals, lit my pipe, went on deck, an' let her drift.

"It breezed up some from the south durin' the day, an' long erbout noon I made out a range of mountains tew what I presume was the west. They was some nearer when the sun went down, an' we seemed tew be carried along by wind an' current. The next mornin' when I awoke we was driftin' along on water as smooth as a mill-pond, right in here between that high island an' the cove we're comin' tew. If there ever was a natural harbor this is it, so I let 'John L.' up on deck, an' he an' I dropped the anchor overboard. I don't reckon anybody else was ever saved from the sea in exactly that thar way: eh, Marsh Allison?

"The smell of the land kinder excited 'John L.', so I sent him below fer fear he'd jump overboard an' desert me.

"I was cookin' breakfast an' wonderin' whar in thunder I was, when I heard the sound of paddles. I stuck my head up an' saw half a hundred canoes filled with the sorter people I uster admire in school geographies. I grabbed a gun an' beat it to 'John L.'s' apartments, turned him loose an' told him tew lie low an' await developments. I also let my toothless old lion outter his cage.

"Them savage heathen came over the sides of the *Daisy D.* like a pack er kids breakin' intew a baseball field when they have pried some boards loose. I reckon thar was five hundred of 'em, an' they was erbout as quiet as a wimmin's sewin' circle after the parson has eloped with the choir soprano. A bunch of 'em started down the companionway whar me an' 'John L.' was located. They was precipitate as a lot of German bowlers enterin' a rathskeller on a hot summer night.

"I didn't have tew tell that intelligent pachyderm his business or give him eny cue. He knew it. He squashed the front ones an' then started fer the deck, an' me after him. Some brave but foolish savage stuck a spear intew his flank, an' then old 'John L.' went intew action fer fair. He was mad clear through, an' the way he waded intew them benighted heathen was surely somethin' awful. That mangy old lion also came on deck, made a bluff of a roar, an' it went. The rest of 'em piled overboard an' beat it fer shore.

"I restrained 'John L.' from jumpin' in after 'em, then went below tew clean up. Thar I found a big savage who was very much alive, but plumb scared tew death. He had crawled under the tiger's cage an' just jabbered when he saw me. I'm some uster South Sea kings, an'



"Then followed a truly wonderful performance with 'John L.'"

knowned this chap was one by his make-up. I dragged him out an' stood him on his feet.

"*Rette mich!*" he finally gasped, throwing himself at my feet.

"Mebbe I wasn't some surprised. In purty good German he said: 'Save me!' I have tew know more er less of all lingoes in my business, so I assured this king that I would spare him fer a while, an' think it over afterward. It seems that his name was King Swatasoki, and that he was the ruler of this part of the earth. An' that reminds me, Cap'n Blout—is this here country Borneo, or what in thunder is it?"

"This is a part of the northeast coast of Borneo, Mr. Simms," volunteered Mr. Allison.

"I'm glad tew know that," declared the old man with much satisfaction. "I made up my mind that it was Borneo, an' so printed on them circus posters I later set adrift, but this here King Swatasoki said he was ruler of 'Branderhilo,' or some other sich outlandish name, an' said he had never heard of Borneo. However," mused the old circus man, "when you stop tew think that half of the inhabitants of New York City—so I reckon—don't know whether Omaha is a town, a lake, er the name of a brand of whisky, I take it there's nothin' strange that this King Swatasoki hadn't heard of Borneo. Just because we call it by that name means nothin' tew him. I don't reckon the folks on Mars calls it that, but, of course, I may be wrong.

"It seems that this savage king had slipped past 'John L.' in the first rush, an' then stayed whar he was rather then face the music on deck. I locked the tyrant up in a vacant cage an' then went on deck tew think it over. Later I had a long an' difficult talk with him. He explained that he had picked up a lot of German from a sailor who had been east ashore. The king said this chap had finally sailed away in a boat he had built, but I kinder suspect somethin' else happened tew the poor Dutchman.

"I explained tew King Swatasoki that I was the ruler over man an' beasts, an' told him that I would spare him if he'd abdicate in my favor while I remained here. He jumped at the chance. He had gold ornaments all over him; an' a chunk of that desirable yellow stuff in a war-club that must er weighed ten pounds. He said his people had tons of it. That give me another idea.

"His subjects hung erbout the schooner day an' nights in canoes, but I wasn't afraid of their makin' an attack so long as old 'John L.' was on the job. On the third day I let King Swatasoki out of his cage an' brought him on deck. I also introduced him properly to 'John L.' an' patched up a truce between him an' that big bundle of leather. Swatasoki signaled tew some of his chiefs an' they cautiously neared the schooner. I let ten of 'em on board after they had left their weapons behind. We had a big pow-wow, which the king translated the best he could. They agreed that for the ransom of Swatasoki I should have as much gold as I could lift from the ground."

Old Bill Simms rubbed his back tenderly.

"I reckon I strained myself a bit," he said, with a wry smile, "but I'll bet I hoisted five hundred pounds er more, an' that's not bad fer a man of my age; eh, Cap'n Blout?"

The attention of that gentleman was riveted by a sight so startling that he hardly heard this question. The launch had shot past a towering ledge of rock which stood guard at the southeast entrance to a cove, and the view of the distant shore unrolled like a panorama. Beyond the gleaming white of the beach, with a background of tropical green, there suddenly showed the gray of a huge circus tent, its ridges gay with fluttering flags, and above them all the stars and bars of the banner of the United States.

Across the mirror of the intervening waters lay the purple shadows of beetling crags. The tent stood on a small plateau, level as a billiard table. Back of it were ledges of rock festooned with vines. In the far distance reared the dome of a mountain, its slopes a mass of color in which the bronze-green of royal palms predominated.

"Did ye ever see a finer place fer a circus tent?" asked old Bill Simms, with proper professional pride. "Do you mean to tell us that you are giving circus performances here?" gasped Mr. Allison. "How do you—?"

"I should say I was givin' performances here," replied the old man. "That is one of my perquisites as deputy king of this section of Borneo. Wait until you see. That's some of my subjects," pointing to the beach. "They seem tew be excited over somethin'. Slow up thar, Marsh Allison! Don't go in eny nearer; I've just thought of somethin'. Shut her off, man; shut her off!"

The small throng of natives on the beach had speedily been augmented by hundreds. Allison dropped an anchor and brought the launch to a stop a few hundred yards from shore, then turned and surveyed a scene calculated to make a timid man nervous. A mob of hideous and almost naked savages were making a demonstration which savored little of welcome. All were armed with

spears and other weapons which they brandished defiantly as they waded into the water or piled into canoes.

"It looks to me as if your subjects have revolted," said Captain Blout, reaching for a repeating rifle and inspecting it carefully. "I think we'd better keep out of their reach."

"Revolted nothing!" exclaimed old Bill Simms. "Stay right here; I'll fix 'em," and before Mr. Allison could interfere the old man leaped into his dingy and pulled stoutly for shore.

He rowed directly into the oncoming fleet of war canoes, stood erect as he neared them, and uttered words which had a magical effect. Spears were lowered, the yells of rage died away, old Bill Simms jammed the bow of his boat against the beach, sprang ashore with one of the oars in his hand, waved it over his head and shouted a few words, whereupon the multitude of savage warriors fell on their respective faces and humbled themselves before this strange old man. Again he spoke to them; they arose, joined in a cheer, and gazed admir-



"The way 'John L.' waded intew them heathen was somethin' awful"

ingly at Simms, who patted a gigantic savage on the back, sprang into his dingy, and rowed back to the launch.

"They thought you had captured me," he exclaimed, "an' had arranged tew rescue me from yer clutches. I explained tew them that they was bettin' on the wrong horse. Head in fer shore, Marsh; it's nearly time fer the regular mornin' performance."

The natives stood well back from the beach as the three white men landed from the launch. Simms motioned to a splendidly proportioned savage, who stepped forward and bent his knee to his conqueror.

"This is King Swatasoki," the circus man said, taking the hand of that deposed ruler and presenting him to Captain Blout and Marshall Allison. "He wishes me to say that his men are very sorry for raisin' sich a rumpus, an' that he'll give a banquet this evenin' tew square things. We'll see you later, Swat," dismissing the King with a wave of his hand. "Before the show starts I want tew give you a look at my new menagerie."

"Your new menagerie?" repeated the astounded captain.

"That's what I said," grinned old Bill Simms. "This part of Borneo was created fer a man in my business. When I showed King Swatasoki that poster of a hippopotamus he seemed much interested, an' wanted tew see the original. Of course, I never owned one of 'em beasts, but I told him I had, an' that I had killed the monster in a moment of rage. He asked me if I would like another, an' I told him yes.

"What color?" asked this accommodatin' monarch.

"I was some surprised, but never batted an eye. I told the king I was sorter partial tew white hippos, but that I was not averse tew a collection includin' red, blue, an' other shades that would harmonize with my wagons. Inside of a month that grateful tyrant got so busy with his subjects that they turned over tew me six of the biggest hippos I ever heard on, includin' a pair of white ones that sweats pink blood. Here they are," pointing to a huge enclosure within which were two enormous beasts with hides of light gray.

In adjoining pens were four of the more common types, but all of great size.

"As further tokens of his affection tew me," continued old Bill Simms, "an' in appreciation of my efforts tew civilize an' uplift this benighted section of Borneo, King Swatasoki has also contributed these five massive but untamed elephants. In another corral, which I'll show ye later, I have four types of the Borneo tapir, or rhinoceros, half a hundred monkeys an' orang-outangs—some of 'em bigger an' stronger than Jim Jeffries—tew say nothin' of bears, strange kinds of big cats, wild pigs,

deer, flyin' lemurs, snakes forty feet long, a bunch of whoppin' big crock-diles, an' a collection of birds that are beautes. I don't reckon, Marsh, that enybody since old Noah ever got so many kinds of livin' critters together, an' one of the first things you'll have tew do, Cap'n Blout, will be tew hike back tew civilization an' charter a ship twice as big as the *Daisy D.* tew carry the new Simms menagerie away from here."

"I wish I had your luck," growled Captain Blout.

"Without throwin' eny boquets at myself," grinned old Bill Simms, "I sets it down as a reasonable proposition that a man should show some sagacity in pickin' out a place tew be wrecked. Now we'll go an' see my reorganized Borneo circus."

In front of the main tent was a roughly constructed table, and back of it were three natives who presided over weighing scales adjusted for one ounce. Eager savages proffered gold dust and small nuggets of that metal, receiving in exchange for about twenty dollars' worth of it a pasteboard ticket granting admission to the tent.

"Perhaps the rates are a trifle high," admitted old Bill Simms, "but I have no competition; besides, this comes under what is known as a 'hazardous enterprise.'"

On top of that, these people think they're gettin' the best of me. Perhaps they are, but my receipts average twenty-five thousand a day, an' I have no expenses, an' you two will be the first dead-heads. Let's go in."

The gigantic ticket taker was naked, save for a breech-clout, and his bronze skin gleamed in a shaft of sunlight which sifted through the fronds of an adjacent palm. He proudly stood guard over a slotted box, but bowed low when old Bill Simms and his companions approached.

The amphitheater was already well filled with the strangest audience that ever witnessed a circus performance. They were members of a tribe of "head-hunters" of unknown ethnographical origin. Unlike most of the branches of this famous type of Malayan savage, these natives were large and well formed, but with cruel and repulsive features. Their enormous heads were crowned with bushy stacks of knotted hair; beneath wicked eyes

were nostrils and lips pierced in many instances with barbed pieces of wood, ivory, or bone; they were armed with spears and shields of various designs, also with curiously wrought clubs, hammers, and other primitive weapons. Fully one-third of the number were females, and they were as hideous as their tropical environment was beautiful.

Mr. Simms escorted his guests to the center of the ring, and provided them with seats. He looked at his watch, then took a whistle from his pocket and sounded a peculiar succession of notes. At this signal an enormous elephant brushed through a canvas wall and lumberingly approached his master. Old Bill Simms grasped an American flag, spoke a word to the huge beast, who reached forward with his trunk and lifted his owner high in air. Simms glared at the assembled natives and waved the flag in a sweeping gesture.

"Up, ye consarned cannibals!" he shouted. "Up on yer feet an' give three cheers fer the United States an' the American flag!"

The seven hundred natives sprang to their feet and yelled with a vigor which was startling, nor did they quit until Simms ceased waving the flag and was lowered by "John L." to the ground.

"I'm trainin' 'em in patriotism," he explained to Mr. Allison and Captain Blout. "Most of 'em have been tew the show twenty er more times before, an' they know what tew dew when I flutters the grand old flag. I could vote 'em solid fer the Republican ticket if I had 'em back in Salem. Excuse me, gents, while I puts on my show clothes an' starts the real performance."

Simms disappeared through the canvas. A few minutes later the sound of the whistle was again heard, the jabbering audience stared at the canvas flap, and leaned forward with craned necks—then Mr. William Simms made his formal entrée.

He was clad in the conventional costume familiar to all who have studied the cartoons of "Uncle Sam." On his head was the white plug hat; his elongated figure was draped with the spike-tailed coat, the star-spangled vest, also the blue and white striped trousers with the traditional straps holding their lower edges to the tops of the long-toed shoes. Facially, Mr. Simms needed no disguise to enhance the likeness to the familiar and beloved type of the New England Yankee. He had the thin white hair, the shaggy eyelashes, the peaked nose, the shrewd mouth, and the flowing chin whiskers of the immortal Uncle Sam.

Four natives garbed in the costumes once worn by the clowns then appeared, one of them leading an elaborately spotted and broad-backed horse.

"Until this here Borneo engagement it's mighty near thirty years since I done a clown an' bareback act," the old man explained to his two guests; "but I think I pulls it off fairly well fer a man of my age. Here goes!"

He began a pantomime with the native clowns, belabored them with a slap-stick and a stuffed club, then jumped on the back of the patient horse and artistically fell off. The assembled savages howled with joy. Simms again gained a place astride the horse and rode backward half-way around the ring. In attempting to stand

he again fell. With a leap wonderfully agile for a man of sixty-five he vaulted once more to the back of the horse and gained a standing position.

A hideously painted and tattooed ring-master cracked a whip and slightly accelerated the speed of the lumbering steed. Simms removed the spike-tailed coat and tossed it to Captain Blout. The spangled vest and the old-fashioned trousers quickly were discarded, and the veteran circus man stood revealed in the close-fitting and tinsel garb of a bareback rider. It was the familiar transformation from the clumsy clown to the trained and graceful athlete, but never before had it been done under such circumstances. For ten minutes old Bill Simms performed such conventional acts as riding on one foot, leaping through hoops, standing on his head, all of which were rewarded with continuous applause, in which Mr. Allison and Captain Blout heartily joined.

Then followed the truly wonderful performance of "John L.," unquestionably one of the most intelligent and best-trained elephants in the history of circuses, assisted, of course, by Mr. William Simms. A perspiring native ground away at an antiquated orchestra, and to its strain "John L." waltzed with his owner and friend, stood on his head, on one foot, walked over the prostrate body of Simms, bellowed a fair imitation of "Yankee Doodle," and executed other feats which aroused wild enthusiasm.

"It must be hard work giving the entire show," said Mr. Allison when this act was concluded.

"Lord bless ye, man; I don't give the whole show," declared old Bill Simms. "Not by a darned sight. If the next act don't make a hit with both of ye, I'll give ye the day's receipts. I want yer opinion of the speech I'm goin' tew make right now. I've spent a heap of time an' thought on it. Here goes!"

Mr. Simms bowed to the four corners of the enclosure, smiled at the spectators, and waved his whip for silence.

"Ladies an' gentlemen!" he shouted, mopping his face with a red bandanna handkerchief. "I know blame' ye ye don't understand a word I am sayin' tew ye, ye bloomin' heathen, but I'm practisin' this here speech on ye. The next act, ladies an' gentlemen, is the most wonderful one ever presented tew a civilized audience. Yer humble servant, Mister William Simms, at the risk of his life an' in the interests of science, explored the inmost wildernesses of Borneo—the most savage an' mysterious island on earth—an' after incredible adventures, includin' the slaughter of whole tribes an' the devastation of most of the east coast of Borneo, subjugated the Province of Branderhilo, an' made its king an' his royal cabinet his willin' an' obedient slaves. Cheer, darn ye, cheer!" shouted old Bill Simms, waving the flag.

The applause which followed was sufficient in volume to appease the most eloquent and sensitive of orators.

"That'll dew," cried the old man, lowering the flag. "I now have the pleasure of interjucing tew this here intelligent audience King Swatasoki, the hereditary monarch of the famous head-hunters, or Wild Men of Borneo. King Swatasoki is the cham-peen collector of heads in Borneo, or elsewhar. By hard an' patient work he has amassed a total of seven hundred an' twenty-three heads,

the choicest of which will now be displayed tew yer gaze by King Swatasoki an' his retinue."

Mr. Simms blew the whistle and turned to Marshall Allison.

"This here act has got all them Salome stunts beat a thousand miles," he proudly said. "Here they come! Say, isn't this immense!"

From out the entrance to the dressing tent there emerged the huge form of King Swatasoki. Curved about his nearly naked body was a twelve-foot live snake, whose wicked head poised above the tangled shock of hair of the King. But it was not the snake that long held the attention of Mr. Allison and Captain Blout. Swatasoki bore in each hand what appeared to be a human head. These he held aloft, turning them deftly as he advanced so that all could see the ghastly features.

"Are they real heads?" almost gasped Mr. Allison.

"I should say they were," declared old Bill Simms. "Keep yer eyes on this parade an' let me know if ye think it'll make a hit in Oshkosh."

Following King Swatasoki were twenty Borneo warriors. Some carried long spears with human heads at their ends. Others bore huge trays made of rhinoceros hide, and these were burdened with circles of grinning heads which once adorned the shoulders of the enemies of King Swatasoki. In the rear were two misshapen dwarfs, each of whom bore in his arms five heads which seemed much the worse for wear. As this strange parade paced slowly around the ring its members joined in a weird chant, the refrain being broken by occasional staccato yells and accompanied by dancing steps and wild gestures.

"What dew ye think of 'em?" anxiously asked Mr. Simms.

"It strikes me as—as rather revolting," hesitated Mr. Allison.

"Exactly so," agreed the old circus man. "That's why it'll make a hit, 'specially in such refined centers as New York. Don't ye think so, Cap'n Blout?"

"Look at those dwarfs!" exclaimed the Captain.

The two stunted savages who brought up the rear of the procession had begun a juggling feat which held the spectators in a spell. With perfect skill they tossed the ten heads in air, each dried and wrinkled skull revolving as it described its arc. Three times they thus made the circuit of the ring, and Mr. Allison drew a long breath of relief when they disappeared from view.

"It is certainly realistic, Mr. Simms," he admitted.

"An' teaches a fine moral," insisted the circus man.

"I hardly grasp the moral," said Mr. Allison.

"Don't lose yer head" is the moral," chuckled old Bill Simms. "The next act, an' the concludin' one, is more refined, but not so excitin'. I have taught six of these savages tew ride barebacked, an' none of 'em ever saw a horse until I landed here."

He gave a signal and six white horses cantered slowly out. Standing on their backs were six of the most forbidding humans possible to the imagination. Their normal ugliness was enhanced by smears of red and yellow paint. In their hands were short sections of bamboo cane.

"Ladies an' gentlemen!" shouted old Bill Simms. "Keep yer seats an' don't be alarmed. These here be-

nighted heathen are my cringin' slaves. I wish you to observe the slender pieces of bamboo they have in their hands. These are the famous blow-guns with which they kill friend an' enemy when the lust fer addin' a few heads tew their collection is on 'em. In their native wilds in Borneo they use pizened arrers, the very whizz of which as they fly through the air is fatal to all that hears it. On this here occasion, however, they will not shoot these pizened arrers, but rather some samples of delicious lozengers, packages of which the gentlemanly attendants will pass 'round an' offer fer sale at the small price of ten cents a package. Buy one er more of these delightful confections fer the loved ones at home. Get a move on ye, Swatasoki, an' dew yer stunt. Bow tew the audience, ye confounded savages! Bow an' show yer beautiful teeth!"

Mr. Simms cracked his whip over the heads of the huddled horsemen, causing one of them to fall from his steed, but he sprang back with an agility which brought a smile of appreciation to the wrinkled face of old Bill Simms. Their salute to the audience was an unqualified success.

"Grind, darn ye! Grind, ye lazy Hottentot!" Simms yelled to the native who had charge of the orchestra.

The instrument wheezed out the strains of a Sousa march, a snap of the whip under the belly of the horse occupied by King Swatasoki set the weird cavalcade in motion, and the six broad-shouldered white horses ambled slowly about the ring, their ugly riders clinging with prehensile toes to their swaying perches.

Half-way around the circle King Swatasoki adjusted a blow-gun to his mouth and shot a lozenge with such accuracy that it hit one of his fat wives on her dusky cheek. She and her rivals made a wild scramble for it. Then followed a bombardment of disks of candy that set the amphitheater in a furor of excitement, clamor, and confusion. With a dexterity which was marvelous the savage horsemen shot these harmless missiles in steadily increasing volume, frequently into the wide-opened jaws of spectators in the upper tier of seats. Mr. Simms stood near his companions, his homely face mantled with a smile of artistic appreciation.

"On the level, gentlemen, did ye ever see enythin' in Madison Square Garden or elsewhere that could hold a candle tew this here act?" proudly asked old Bill Simms. "Honestly, Marsh Allison, isn't it great?"

"I never saw anything like it," truthfully asserted that millionaire.

"I'm goin' tew call it 'The Wild Borneo Head-Hunters' Horseback Act,'" declared the circus man, "an' you can bet the last dollar ye have that it will make a hit in the civilized belt. I'm mighty sorry I didn't discover this South Sea country before, an' 'specially Borneo," mused the old man. "After forty years of enervatin' career as animal trainer an' circus owner, I have finally struck a place whar excitin' things happen like they dew in books. If I ever get back tew Salem I'll have somethin' worth while tew tell tew my dad, who was beginnin' tew think nothin' worth while ever was goin' ter happen ter me."

"Is your father living, Mr. Simms?" asked Mr. Allison.

"You bet he is," declared the old man. "An' say, he has had some *real* adventures!"

A Parfait Gentil Mysunderstandynge

NOWE inne the rane of Olde Kynge Kole
Ltte chanst onne summers daye
Nyne Snow Whyte Knytes from Barcerole
For Combatte came thatte waye.
("Odds pumpkins!" cryde the Courte Jes-ter,
"We'll have a bully frayel!")

"HOW shal we fite?" each Snow Whyte Knyte
Out-cryde with angry rore.
Somme cryde "With sordes," somme cryde "With
clubbes,"
But goode the Kynge upswore,
"Nay by our sox, a game of Balle
Wil settle that Olde Score."

"WHO wil the Honest Umpyre be?"
The Nyne Knytes upward spoke.
"I'll stand for lte," replyd the Kynge,
Whose word nunne mote revoke.
("My Liege," remarkt the Courte Jes-ter,
"I hope you maye notte choke!")



"The ball smote Thirdly too"

(From an Early Fragment Found on a Medieval
Score-Card)

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by ROLLIN KIRBY

SOE to the dimond Balling Ground
They alle didde quicklie heele
& inne the boxe Sir Twirler stoode,
Hys helm brite-flashinge zeal,
& atte the plate Sir Thomas Grabbe
Upraid hys myts of steele.

SIR GEOFFREY KNOCKYR came toe
batte
And thryce didde vainlie cloute;
Agayn he swope - upcryd the Kynge,
"Odds Wilkins, ye are outel!"
& inne the Stand Sir Aubrey Fann
Lyke wilden-catt didde shoute.

ONCT moar out-fannd the Snow Whyte Knytes
Til sore and pale theye satte,
& onne the bench Lord Clarence Byffe
Cryde, "Wud ye looke atte thatte!"
Thenn sylence alle, as forwarde strod
Sir Casey to the batte.

HE raysd the styk, he smole a smyle,
The balle came swyft & hotte
With helich hate acrost the Plate—
Goode Grasyus! whatte a swatte!
Ltte seemd to scoot a thousand rood
Intoe the Cabbage Lotte.

DIDDE ever Knyte in hardware cladd
For First more swyftlie sneek,
Didde ever Knyte in pig-iron boots
For Second straighter streak?
What hol he maketh a frisque for Third
And slideth on hys cheeke!

BUTTE as uponne hys cheeke he slode
The Balle was thither threwe.
With mail-clad twist of mail-clad wrist
To Thirdly Bagge it flew,
& as Sir Casey's cheek smote Third
The Balle smote Thirdly too.

"NOWE saye, nowe saye, thou Umpyre
grege,
The courtlie Rooters shoute,
"Saye brieflie, please, if hee iss Inne,
Or haply down and Outel!"
And rounde Kynge Kole the Mol be doth surge
Belike as if toe cloute.

WASSE ever Kynge inne such a plyte
As nobel Kole thatte daye!
Ltte were notte safe for toe saye "Safe,"
And "Outel" twere deth toe saye—
Kynge Kole hee scratcht hys baldie-pot
And answerd thys-a-waye:

"SITH Casey slyde soe very welle,
This Judgemente doe notte doubt—
One half of hym wasse very Safe,
The other half wasse Out!"
"Fake, fake!" hys loyalle subiects crye,
Betwixt a shreeke and shoute.

A BRYCK was threwe til someone cryde,
"Stay! would ye stryke your Kynge?"
"You bette we would!" theye maddie yel,
& doe notte do: a thyng
Butte smyte hys croune & throw hym downe,
With mannie a punch & swynge.

AND as theye rufflie thus didde act
The Whyte Knytes (fie for shame!)
Made twentie-eight complete home runnes,
And thuslie wonne the game
And rode awaye as Champyons
("Such," sayth the Boke, "iss Fame.")

UPON hys bedde of Anthracite
Kynge Kole fulle freebie sanke.
"O Sire," upspake the Courte Jes-ter,
"I speak the truth so franke;
As Kynge you are a kynge thynge—
As Umpyre you are ranke!"

AND o'er the doore of Old Kynge Kole
The Crowe quothe "Nevermoar!"
(What sayth the auncient Chronikler
Whome we have heard before?
"Old Kole was every inch a Kynge—
And every inch wasse Sore.")



"As Umpyre you are ranke!"

The Mate of the "Gatwick"

By PERCEVAL GIBBON



The Mysterious Voyage of an Ocean Tramp

THERE was a quality in the chief mate of the *Gatwick* which distinguished him among his sea-faring brethren and made him a little noticeable about the decks of a steamship. The years of his service at sea had left no mark on him; through their stress and labor he had carried untouched a certain urbanity, something smooth and supple in his manner and address, which suggested the traffic of streets and houses rather than the windy solitude of the bridge and far sea-bitten horizons. Old Captain Leigh, alighting at the foot of the gangplank from the cab which had conveyed him from the station, looked at him sharply. A tall arc-lamp on the wharf spluttered over their heads and threw its convulsive light about them, and in its glare the chief mate looked even more foreign to the place than he did by daylight.

"So you're the mate," repeated the captain, still scanning him. "Well, I hope we'll get on together."

Behind them, the cabman, impassive upon his box, looked slowly from one to the other.

The mate smiled pleasantly. "I hope so, sir," he said, in his agreeably modulated voice which was so little like a sailor's. "I'll send the watchman up to bear a hand with your dunnage."

"Right," said the captain, shortly, and watched him drop back to the steamer's deck and go for'ard upon his errand to rouse the night-watchman from his beauty-sleep in the galley.

The cabman sighed and shifted in his seat. The captain turned to him, with a motion toward the luggage piled on the roof of the vehicle.

"You can get those things loose," he said. "There'll be a man up to fetch 'em aboard in a minute."

The cabman grunted and proceeded to unwind himself from the rug about his legs. "Takin' her over?" he asked, with a sidelong jerk of his head at the decks of the *Gatwick*.

The captain was sorting coins in his palm and looked up. "Yes," he said. "Been to sea yourself, eh?"

The cabman grunted again, fumbling with the knots that secured the captain's gear on the cab. "Tisn't so long," he said, slowly, "since I was payin' off a cab on the wharf, and a hand was comin' ashore to fetch my dunnage."

"Eh?" The captain looked him over sharply; he was a shabby, stout man with a lean, unhappy face. "What were you, then? Steward?"

The cabman vented a short bark of laughter, as mirthless as a sob. "Steward!" he repeated, and paused.

"What, then?" demanded the captain.

"Master," replied the cabman. He looked down and met Captain Leigh's puzzled stare with an expressionless face. "I lost her," he added, and turned again to his work. It was a full explanation; it needed nothing further to make it clear how a man who had commanded a ship came to be driving a cab. The captain watched him with a sudden sinking of the spirits.

"It might happen to anybody," he said, hurriedly, as the mate came forth from the alleyway with the watchman at his heels. Here's your money."

"Good luck," said the cabman, shortly, taking it.

His drooping, melancholy face remained in the captain's mind while his baggage was brought aboard and bestowed in his room; the conversation had come like an omen to stay his feet when he was about to set it for the first time on the deck of his ship. He felt vaguely saddened and cast down, and it was with a certain gravity of countenance that he faced the chief mate across the chart-house table when the latter handed over the papers in his keeping. Captain Leigh looked through them expertly while the mate, with a bottle of whisky ready at his elbow to do honor to the occasion, scrutinized

him appraisingly. It was no uncommon type of man that he saw—just the elderly, sturdy shipmaster, brown-faced and white-bearded, with an elemental simplicity underlying all his quick adequacy of mind and body. The mate smiled to himself once or twice as he noted how the captain breathed hard while he read, or tracked figures to their total with the aid of a big spade-ended forefinger.

"Well, that's all right," said the captain at length, as he slipped the india-rubber bands on the documents. "We'll get out on the afternoon tide to-morrow. Everything's all right on board, I suppose?"

"Quite right, sir," replied the chief mate, deferentially. The captain cocked a wise eye on him.

"You have been with her long?" he inquired.

"Six months, sir," answered the other.

He was brown-faced, brown-haired, and brown-eyed—all brown and smooth, but none of it was wind-tan or sunburn. Rather, it seemed that secret hue which goes sometimes with Southern blood. He met the captain's inquiring eye with easy composure.

"Not a relation of the owners, by any chance?" suggested the captain once more.

"The mate laughed. "No," he replied. "Not by any chance whatever, sir."

"I thought you might be," explained Captain Leigh. "I was shipmates with a man once who was like you in some ways; he had your style, at any rate; and he turned out to be the junior partner's cousin."

The mate laughed again. His laugh, like all about him, was quiet and seemly.

"No such luck," he said. "None of my cousins own ships, I'm sorry to say." He put out a hand to the bottle. "Will you help yourself, sir?"

"Thank you," said Captain Leigh. "I see by the papers here that old Cap'n Wilks had her before me. D'you know why he quit?"

The mate shrugged his shoulders. "Well, sir," he answered. "I did hear that something about him came to the owners' ears. Anyhow, they sacked him."

"Sacked him, eh?" Captain Leigh spoke with his glass poised half-way to his lips. "Well, I know Sam Wilks, and if anybody told the owners he wasn't as straight a man as ever walked, he lied."

"I dare say," said the mate, indifferently. "Here's to a quick passage, sir."

"Here's luck," said the captain, and drank.

He was still a little puzzled when he turned in to his bunk an hour later; the mate had no place in the category of his experience. The man answered all questions so readily and yet told so little, and was screened, as it were, by such a suavity of composure. The habit of the sea is to take little for granted, and the captain was still thinking and guessing when he fell off to sleep.

Business claimed every moment of his time next day till the *Gatwick* cast off and, with the pilot on the bridge, moved down the stream to commence her passage. It was not till he joined the pilot and rang for steam that the captain got a good look at his vessel. She was no more than a large tramp of some three thousand tons, iron-decked, pole-masted, one of those persistent freight-carriers whose keels cut furrows through every sea on the globe. It was a chill gray day, with a strong wind from the east and a promise of wild weather to come in the North Sea; old Captain Leigh, schooled in every mood of the weather, felt the bite of it on his hardy face and welcomed its boisterous freshness. He was glad at heart to get to sea again. His last ship had met the fate which no shipmaster can guard against. Too old to compete for freights pared down to the last margin of profit, too costly to lay up, she had been sent to the ship-breakers; and for six months he had been hawking his splendid efficiency and unstained record from one ship-owner's office to another.

He had known the sarcasm of clerks, the familiarity of office-boys; the sudden telegram, unexpected and hard to believe, that came to him, bidding him take command of the *Gatwick* forthwith and hustle her to sea without delay, had delivered him out of a thousand troubles at once. The salt of the wind in his nostrils, its hint of a strenuous sea outside, the pale winter sky over his head, were the familiar furniture of the life to which he belonged, and they restored and upheld him.

"Wet night to-night, Capt'n," observed the pilot at his side.

The captain cast a weather-wise eye at the sky. "Snow, by the looks of it," he replied.

"That's so," agreed the pilot. He talked after the manner of pilots at their work, without looking aside from the course before him. He nodded now toward the fore'sle head.

"That's your mate, ain't it?" he inquired. "That young feller for'ard?"

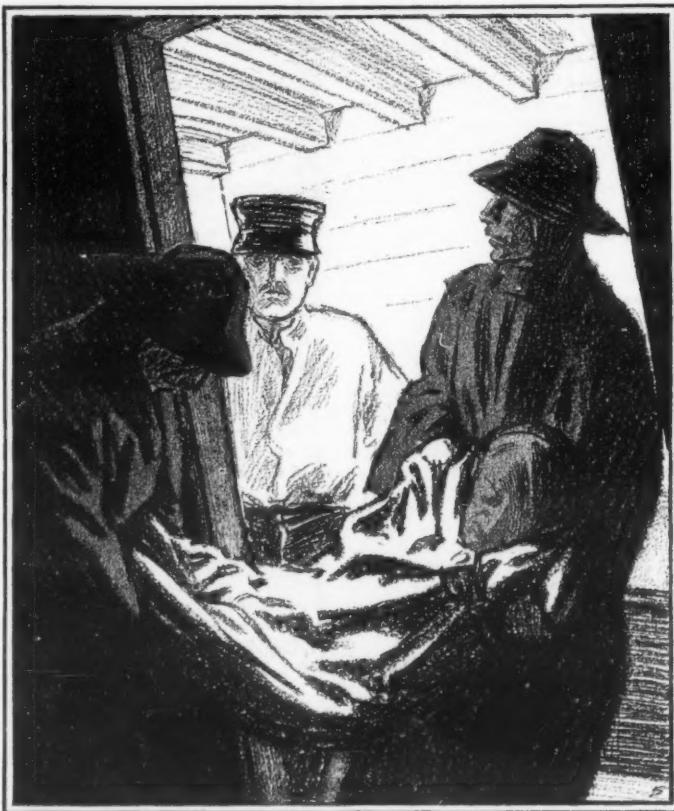
"That's him," said the captain.

"Smart man," said the pilot perfunctorily. But he frowned in thought.

"I don't know yet whether he's smart or not," said the captain. "I reckon I'll know before morning, though, if this wind holds up. But there's something about him I don't understand."

The pilot nodded. "Starboard," he ordered. "Steady as she goes." He watched the ship's head swing to the helm. "He's been well brought up, I shouldn't wonder," he suggested, innocently. "That's what's the matter with him. In my time you didn't hear a mate carryin' on the work with 'please' and 'thank you.' But things has changed since then. Port there! Steady!"

The night fulfilled the day's promise. The pilot went overside to his boat, and the *Gatwick*, with smoke whipping sharp to leeward from the lip of her funnel, lifted her high bows to the rising sea and turned her tail on the faint sunset. Screened by the weather-cloth,



They carried the mate to his room

over which he could just see, Captain Leigh stood by to see how she was going to behave. At the other end of the bridge, Trimble, the middle-aged second mate, kept a steady lookout; the chief mate and third officer were still busy about decks making all secure for a rough night. It was obvious that the chief mate, whatever failings he might prove to possess, knew his work and could do it. His voice, quick in command, traveled aft to the captain; he was bustling his men through their business in the best approved fashion. The captain watched him, while stoppers were being placed on the cables. He was coatless, thrusting through a pair of men impatiently to pass the turns himself; Captain Leigh nodded as he saw it. It was his own fashion of working, and he liked it in others.

Snow came with the dark—thin, dry snow like frozen sand, driving level out of the mirk to windward. The North Sea has its own fashion of bad weather; there are times when the send of the sea, rebounding from the shallows of its fishing banks, raises it into the tempestuous class of Cape Horn. With her nose southeast, to keep a good oiling, the *Gatwick* had the worst of the weather; she both pitched and rolled, and it was soon plain to her captain that she could do both to an extent that almost disconcerted him. With one rail level with the water, swashing through it with the sound of scythes in grass, she would lift her bow against the dark sky sickeningly, lift it till the racing seas thudded over her poop and cascaded in white upon the winches in the after well-deck. Then, while she staggered, came the counter-roll, and the poising bows swooped mightily, driving down into the piled seas like some stupendous projectile, while the water crashed in forward and the racing screw set up its insane chatter.

The chief mate was on the bridge when Captain Leigh came forth in oilskins, after a scratch meal in the chart-house. He was up to windward, holding by a stanchion, peering motionlessly ahead over the weather-cloth. He turned his head as the captain came forth and clawed his way down the heaving bridge to meet him. In the light from the chart-house windows he smiled under his sou'wester, always that decorous, accustomed smile.

"A dirty night, sir," he said.

"Aye," said the captain. "But I'll be putting her head south in another hour, and she'll not pitch so much."

"But she'll roll more," said the mate. "I know her, sir. She's a beggar to roll."

"Well," said the captain, "I'd rather have her roll her yunnel under than pitch like this. Every time I hear that screw race, it sets me praying she won't snap her tail-shaft off."

Even as he spoke, her bow rose again, carving a wild arc across the sky, and her stern sank with a crash of waters that strangled the shriek of the propeller. The captain gasped and then laughed shortly.

"If I wasn't white already, that's what would turn me gray," he said. "You wouldn't think the steel was made that 'ud stand jolts like that."

The mate smiled again. "I've often thought the same, sir," he said. "If ever this ship is lost, there won't be much doubt about how she went."

"No," said the captain. "And some poor devil of a skipper'll get the blame."

He was holding on by the rail of the bridge, against the steamer's heave and jerk, and now again the memory of the cabman returned to him, the man who had lost his ship. Captain Leigh's record was clear of this particular crime. In all the years during which he had coaxed cargoes from port to port upon the seaboard of the world, he had never "piled up." Good luck had waited upon his vigilance and skill, and he had come to take a pride in that fact of his career. There had been times when only luck saved him, when he groped blindly through mishaps and chanced upon the way out; these did not detract from the central fact of his life: he had never lost a ship. As the mate moved off again, to return to his post at the windy wing of the bridge, the captain dropped into musings, and the keynote of his uneasy thinking was the gibbering of the propeller as it climbed into the air with the lift of the stern and the shuddering smack of its descent.

He spent the night between the bridge and the chart-house, where he snatched occasional moments of sleep on the lockers. True to the mate's prediction, the *Gatwick* only rolled the more impressively as she bore off to the southward and the pitching decreased. But that in itself was a relief to the captain's nerves. She could lower each rail in turn till the seas rolled in green and smooth on her scoured decks and the overtant funnel-stays gave out notes like banjo-strings—at least her propeller was under water all the time.

In this manner she thrashed her way down the North Sea, giving her master an early opportunity to learn her powers and limitations. He decided that while she was, perhaps, the worst sea-boat he had ever known, she was stanch enough, pretty well found, and sufficiently engined. She would wallow like a porpoise in a small lop of sea, but always drive through. For the rest, it did not strike Captain Leigh as a hardship that her behavior should keep him in his clothes for three days and nights on end; that was a mere incidental to his duties as her master. His officers were efficient and trustworthy, his steward quick and clean, and his engineers, hairy Scotchmen, who seemed each to pass his days gripping a bunch of cotton-waste, remained, as engineers should, unobtrusive. He had been shipmates with many worse men in his time, and it scarcely occurred to him to regret that a hint of

formality in his chief mate made casual talk with him impossible. There was no joining him on his watch to talk over the innumerable little things that make up the interests of a sailor, details of ships one has known and the men that ran them and the ports in which they lay at anchor. The mate had a way of asking no questions which is fatal to this manner of communion; his contributions were no more than that ready lofty smile and "No, sir," and "Yes, sir."

Trimble, the second mate, was of another kind, a square, middle-aged little man with a hard, good-natured face, who had held a master's certificate for twenty years and never once gained a command. He was willing enough to be agreeable to anybody, and his trivial amiability was welcome to the captain when they found themselves together on the bridge. He was one of those men—they go to sea in thousands—with no palate for life. He could not distinguish the quality of a quick run from the Mersey to New York from that of a halting voyage east that brought its vicissitudes to a point in some rapid disaster among coral islands. Happenings of all kinds were but so many items in the catalogue of his years; he remembered them all alike and with equal lack of zest when the talk ran backward to the past. There were

saw the race of waters on the fore-deck, and the mate and his men up to their thighs in it, lashing a winch-cover down. Night was coming up starless, heavy with storm. While he looked, the man at the wheel struck eight bells, and Trimble, with his sou'wester pushed to the back of his head, came up and joined him. He was to stand the first watch, and came to look forward at the captain's side till the chief mate should appear to hand over the bridge in form.

"Ought to get a sight of Ushant pretty soon," remarked the captain.

"Yes, sir," agreed the second mate. "But the old scow loses a powerful lot of way, knockin' about like this."

The observation was pointed at that moment by a roll which made them both put a hand on the rail to steady themselves. The *Gatwick* lay down to a sliding hill of sea; Captain Leigh saw the foremasthead slash giddily athwart the sky; her rail went under and laded in the wild water by the score of tons. Among the winches the men were hanging on anyhow, propped against the shock.

"Hang on there," roared the captain, and upon his words the sea piled on board and buried the waiting men out of sight.

"Holy smoke, look at that," cried Trimble.

She lifted again, and the men and winches poked up stark and gleaming through the water as it streamed across the deck. But with it, floating like lifeless wreckage, went something that both of them saw.

"That's the mate," said Trimble. It was characteristic of him that he said it conversationally, in the tone of small talk, but moved none the less rapidly for that. With his long oil-skin coat flapping, he hurled down the ladder, loud with orders. Craning over the weather-cloth, the captain saw his little stumpy figure shoot out on the foredeck, where the water still ran like a mill-race, sure of foot, ready-handed, vital with force and purpose. A couple of men aided him, and between them they plucked the mate from the scuppers and carried him at an urgent shuffle to the door of the alleyway. They were not a moment too soon, for even as they entered and clapped the door to, the *Gatwick* leaned to port and again the rail plunged under. It was a thumb-nail melodrama, a thing of a vivid moment, one of those matters Trimble would mention years after, baldly and apropos of nothing.

They carried the mate to his room, and there the captain found them. The second mate, the steward, and one of the hands filled the little berth. The mate was laid in his bunk; under the naked electric bulb his face was vacant and unconscious, and the wet from his hair made a big stain on the pillow.

"Where's he hurt?" demanded the captain as they all turned to him, the officer and man clumsy in their oilskins, the steward plump and bland and white-shirted.

"His leg's broke, sir," replied Trimble.

"That's bad," said the captain. "Let's have a look at him."

It needed little looking to bear out the news; it was a leg smashed beneath the knee in a manner quite outside the scope of the simple surgery of the sea. The captain shook his head.

"This is a job for a doctor," he said. "A broken arm, now—or anything simple like that—and I could fix him up. But this is what they call compound."

"Poor beggar," murmured Trimble.

The steward was despatched to fetch brandy, and the foremast hand slipped off with him. The captain and Trimble remained together, looking down on the unconscious man's face. It was curious how it retained, even in its swoon, that cast of suavity which made men turn to look twice at the mate. There was even a hint, in a curving of the lips, of his smooth smile.

"He's a queer beggar," said the captain, more to himself than to Trimble.

Trimble made a soft noise of assent.

"A queer beggar," repeated the captain. "Maybe his face don't do him justice." He turned to the second mate. "I'll have to go to the bridge," he said. "I want to get a bearing on Ushant. Give him the brandy and make him comfortable, will you?"

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Trimble.

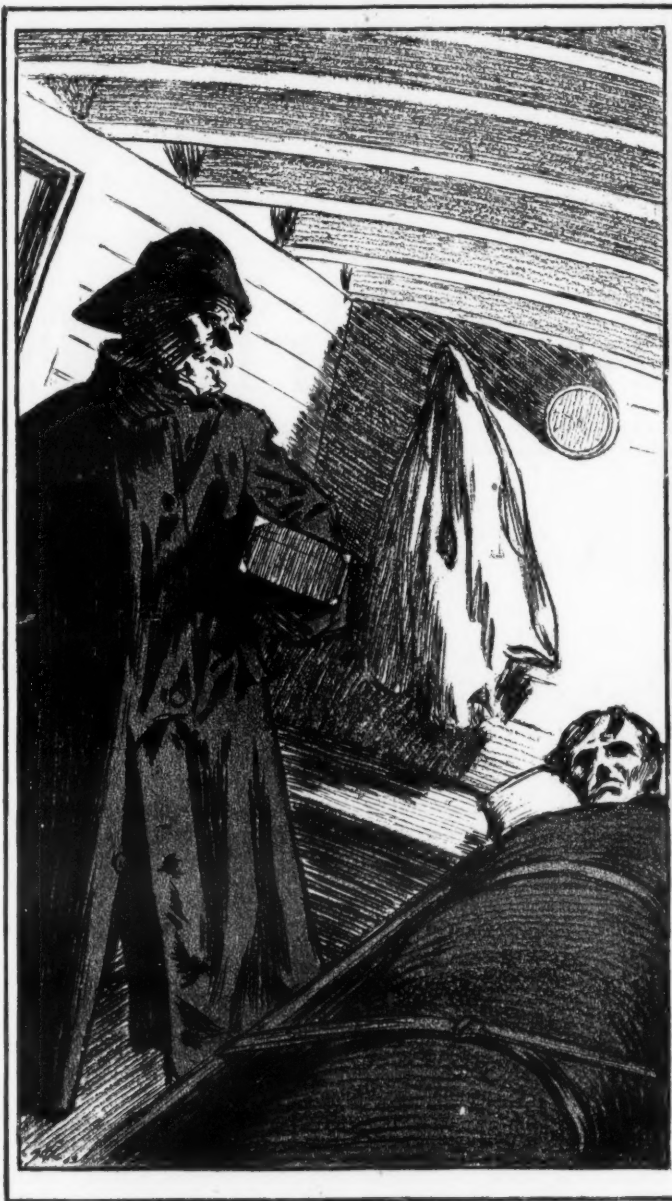
"I'll be down to see him again, presently," went on the captain. "And while you're waitin' for the brandy, get him out some dry things."

"I tried to, sir," answered Trimble. "I tried to get some when we brought him in, but everything's locked up."

"Locked, eh?" The captain was surprised. It is not held to be in good taste to lock one's possessions up aboard ship, as though one's shipmates were thieves. "Well, find the key, can't you? Or else bust the things open. Can't leave him lying like that."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the second mate, dutifully, and commenced to relieve himself of his oil-skin coat.

The accident to the mate made certain adjustments necessary, and therefore the third mate was sent for and bidden stand the watch, to be relieved by Trimble at midnight. Captain Leigh kept the bridge with him till Ushant yielded him the clue he sought, and then retired to the chart-house. He was beginning to feel the strain of the passage. It was not fatigue, in the ordinary sense, but rather that nervous oppression that comes of watchfulness long maintained and too small an allowance of sleep. That night, again, would find him dozing in his clothes, with one ear wide awake for a summons,



He produced the infernal machine from behind his back

many intervals of sociability while the *Gatwick* worked her way into the Channel and so westward which served to spice the flavorless days for both of them.

It was a season of hard weather that took its full toll of shipping, and the *Gatwick* had her share of it. She behaved atrociously, but continued to go; it was all that could be said of her. Day and night her forward deck was a trap of tumultuous water, where men risked their lives as they slid and crawled forward or aft. She had a double set of winches there to serve her hatches, and through these the seas went boiling with each roll of the vessel. Most of the men had ugly cuts and bruises to show as results of a hasty scramble between the fore-castle and the alleyway; after the manner of sailors, they cursed her comprehensively, and continued to drive her along.

Captain Leigh came on deck one afternoon, when the second dog-watch was wearing to its end, to stand by for a glimpse of Ushant's big beam to corroborate his course. The mate was about decks, seeing all fast for the night; Trimble and the third engineer were smoking under the bridge and arguing noisily about religion. The captain stopped to listen to the third engineer's forcible confession of faith and passed up the ladder to the bridge.

"Never knew a ship roll like this," he said, as she lurched giddily while he was yet on the ladder, and he heard the answering smash of seas sliding green over the plunging rail. From the bridge, when he reached it, he

and all his senses ready at call. He slipped out of his coat and disposed himself with his pipe on the padded lockers to be a little while at ease. It was a pleasant little place, all teak and brass and white deck, a cozy shelter from the wind that blew upon the bridge; and he closed his eyes willingly. He could sleep anywhere at any time, and it was only a few seconds that he remained conscious of the drum of the sea below him and the ship's movement.

Trimble's arrival woke him instantly. Trimble came in by way of the companion from the captain's room below, and the old man's eyes sprang open at his step and regarded him questioning. Trimble had something in his hand, which he put down carefully, and a manner of some agitation.

"I came through your room, sir," he said in a low voice. "I guessed you'd rather not have this seen." He pointed to the object he had laid on the table.

"You're pretty free with my room, Mr. Second Mate," retorted Captain Leigh.

"Yes, sir," said Trimble.

The captain sat up and dropped his feet to the floor. The matter to which Trimble pointed his attention was a square wooden box, neatly made, looking rather like those cases which are sold for carrying delicate instruments. "What is it?" he demanded.

"I found it in the mate's chest," he said. "There was a key hanging round his neck by a string, and it fitted his chest. I couldn't make out what it was. I thought maybe he'd got some kind of navigatin' tools in it, so I opened it an' had a look, sir."

He showed the captain that one side of it opened like a slide, and was fitted with a finger notch.

"Well," demanded the captain. "What's it got to do with me?"

Trimble gave him a look almost of contempt, and drew the slide back.

"Queer sort of navigatin' tools," he said. "Now, do you see what it is?"

The captain drew the box to him, and puckered his lips as he peered into it.

"My God!" he cried, in quick horror.

It was an affair of springs and catches and a few toothed wheels, like the bowels of a queer clock. There was a key for winding it up, and a striking mechanism; but the hour it was to strike was that which sounds once for all the world.

The captain looked up at Trimble; his face had suddenly hardened and grown formidable. All that was reverend and kindly had passed away.

"A bomb," he said.

Trimble nodded. "That's why I came through your room," he explained, virtuously. "I'm not the man to do that in a general way, sir. Nobody can say of me that—"

The captain silenced him impatiently. Thoughts were crowding upon him. The *Gatwick* and her tail-shaft, the cabman's talk, the still civility of the mate—these all reappeared as things pregnant with infinite meaning.

"A bomb," he repeated. "I see it now, Trimble—partly. Here's another ship that can't earn dividends—this old hooker that's splashing about under us. What's she got in her hold? General cargo, eh? Insured up to the trucks, eh? And the mate and this clockwork gadget of his were to put her in the way of drawing the insurance money. Gosh, it's as plain as daylight."

He dipped a big forefinger into the apparatus, burying it to the knuckle in the intricacy of mechanism, and probed there for a while. Then, with care and precision, he hooked out the detonator and the harmless-looking bunch of gun cotton.

"All ready," he said. "Everything fit and ready to help her to snap her shaft, Trimble. A skipper that never lost a ship, and a ship that was notorious for the way she'd pitch—it all fits together, as innocent as a Christmas carol. The underwriters'd pay without a word. And then I suppose I'd go navigatin' a cab round the back streets and touchin' my hat for a tip."

He glared at Trimble, who smiled awkwardly and motioned to the explosives.

"Better put the fireworks overboard, sir," he suggested mildly.

"Take 'em and heave 'em over," bade the captain. "Then come back here. We've got to see our way out of this."

Long and earnestly they debated over the matter, but they could find no light. It was not sufficient to bring the *Gatwick* safely to her destination; their own employment must be safeguarded as well. And for this there was necessary a business dexterity that neither of them possessed. Trimble was empty of all help; he could only suggest informing the police. The captain waved him off.

"I guess I'll have a talk with Mister Mate myself, to-morrow," he said finally. "Maybe he'll have an idea or two."

The interview duly took place. Under the ministrations of the steward, the chief mate had returned to his senses and his self-possession. His face, paler than usual, looked up from his pillow with a sly acuteness upon it that angered the captain like a jeer. The weather had thickened before midnight and the wind hauled to the northward, so that the *Gatwick*, running south before it, was again pitching extravagantly. It had kept the captain from his sleep, and he had had words through the speaking tube with the chief engineer, an obstinate man and ribald. He entered the injured man's berth abruptly, closed the door, and produced the infernal machine from behind his back.

"What's this?" he demanded harshly, propping himself against the heave of the ship.

The mate glanced at it without moving his head, and his lips curved into a slow smile.

"Lucky Leigh, still," he said. "That's what they call you, isn't it, captain?"

He showed no sign of any distress or surprise; merely a languid amusement.

"You dog," said the captain. "You man-drowning dog. You murderer."

What the World Is Doing:



Scattering 105,000 envelopes upon the stand, representing the applications filed for the Cœur d'Alene Reservation, which with two others has just been opened. The registrations, all told, including those for the Spokane and Flathead lands, reached 287,000, the largest number ever recorded in the United States



The officials, Judge J. W. Witten and his assistants, who presided over the land lottery. The three little girls, Christin Donlin, Harriet Post, and Helen Hamilton, drew the envelopes of the winners, who were thus enabled to take their choice of claims. The drawing began at Cœur d'Alene, Idaho, August 9

The Gamble for Land

The Week

THIS is the week when all the world gathers to fly at Reims, France. Nearly twoscore machines of seven makes will contend in speed and distance races.

Spain at home is quieting down from her throbbings like an uncranked motor. Reports from Melilla tell of reinforcements gathering for the Moorish tribesmen, and a long, scattering, desultory campaign in prospect.

It has been a summer of strikes. A thousand dock laborers at Fort William, Ontario, are trying to raise their wage-scale. A street-car strike which would have tied up Chicago was averted by a compromise of the employers. At McKee's Rocks, near Pittsburg, the Pres-Steel Car Company is turning out the strikers from the company-owned houses. The strike in Sweden, involving, it is said, the unbelievable number of 285,000 workers, is still in progress, although some of the men, in small groups, are returning to work because of hunger.

"It is a vicious bill, but the best we could do," is the summing up of the tariff bill by such Republican leaders as stayed in the ranks of the regulars, but still retained their original manhood.

"What is wine?" said jesting bartenders. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the militant pure food expert of the Department of Agriculture, decrees a new definition and standard for wine that it shall be made of grapes. The old-time swift, economical way was to inject sugar and water into the pure fruit of the vineyard.

One more chapter in the Thaw case comes to an end by the decision of Supreme Court Justice Mills, who returns Harry Thaw, the murderer of Stanford White, to Matteawan. He calls Thaw the victim of delusions in time past, and still insane.

William Williams, Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, continues a thorough job by overhauling the immigrant homes—the semi-religious hospices where the friendless and homeless aliens are welcomed. He has ousted the representatives of three such homes from Ellis Island, showing in two of the homes that certain of their guests were later found in disorderly houses.

The Water Power Trust

PERHAPS the prettiest fight pulled off in a twelvemonth is that opened up by Gifford Pinchot, National Forester. "Conservation of Natural Resources" is an unwieldy phrase, but a live wire. On August 10, at the National Irrigation Congress in Spokane, Washington, Mr. Pinchot said:

"There could be no better illustration of the eager, rapid, unwearied absorption by capital of the rights which belong to all the people than the Water Power Trust, not yet formed, but in rapid progress of formation. This statement is true, but not unchallenged. We are met at every turn by the indignant denial of the water power interests. They tell us that there is no community of interest among them, and yet they appear year after year at these congresses by their paid attorneys, asking for your influence to help them remove the few remaining obstacles to their perpetual and complete absorption of the remaining water powers. They tell us it has no significance that the General Electric interests are acquiring great groups of water powers in various parts of the United States, and dominating the power market in the region of each group. And whoever dominates power, dominates all industry."

He foresaw the coming of a "uniform, unbroken, nation-wide covering of a single gigantic trust."

"Bosh," said the mate, dreamily. "What are you going to do with the *Gatwick*, captain?"

The captain stared at him, breathing hard.

"If you've got any sense at all," the mate went on, "you'll tuck that little machine under her tail and touch it off. That's the way to keep to windward of the workhouse, captain. There's money in that that would surprise you." His eyes wandered over to the captain's set face, and his smile flickered again for an instant. "I could name a figure, if you like," he added, thoughtfully.

The captain spat violently. "I'll tell you," he said, "what's going to happen. The *Gatwick's* going to float. She'll discharge her cargo and wait for another, and she'll go on humping freight honestly with me in command and Trimble as mate."

The mate smiled again. "She doesn't earn enough to pay for your tobacco," he answered.

"That's the owners' lookout," retorted the captain. "What they lose on her is what they pay for dirtying their hands with trash like you."

The mate sighed. "Think it over," he said. "You must have some sense in you at your age. A big fat cheek, captain—a fender to stand off hard times with. Isn't that better than pushing the old *Gatwick* from port to port till you pile her up somewhere and get nothing for it, besides losing your certificate into the bargain? Man, you've got a brain like a turtle; wake up and grab your luck while it's in your reach."

His languor had broken into a persuasive urgency; his voice was hasty and contemptuous. The captain gazed at him dumbly, without words to crush him. He felt impotent and futile in his bluntness and directness in the face of this man's facile speciousness. He took the infernal machine in his hand again, and without a word quitted the cabin.

He was dazed; Trimble could get nothing out of him. And of a sudden he felt very weary. The new problem, coming on top of all his work, mastered him. He swore when he found the unrepentant chief engineer waiting to

see him, with a maddening, absurd suggestion that he should change the steamer's course, as the continued pitching was "vava soothin', mae doot, tae them that's got naething to do but walk about in the fresh air; but, man, it's makin' wark doon i' the engine-room."

"D'you think this is a yachtin' trip?" demanded the captain hotly. "Why don't you ask me to make the wind shift round?"

"Because I'm awear o' yer leemitations," replied the chief engineer, cuttingly, and withdrew.

It seemed to the captain but a few minutes from the time that he threw himself on his bunk till he started awake, but the light that showed through his porthole was the light of afternoon. He noted it even as he sat up with both ears cocked; even in his slumber of utter weariness the strong sea-habit had told, and he knew the meaning of the jar that passed through the ship and the change in the note of the engines—their thud quickening to a tattoo that stopped short suddenly. He was at the door before Trimble could knock at it, and his quick question forestalled the second mate's news.

"Tail-shaft gone?" cried the captain.

"Like a carrot," was the second mate's answer.

He was a man of slow wits in all things unconnected with his trade, and he stared uncomprehendingly at the skipper's laugh. That was a time of urgency, for the *Gatwick* fell off at once, and for a while it looked as if she would roll right over. There was risky work on those water-scoured iron decks before they made shift to get canvas on her aftermast—tarpaulins and awnings, sails of dire emergency—that slowly brought her bluff bows up to the wind and held them there. The smoke-rotted jigger split to rags at the first attempt to hoist it, and even the deck hands, steamboat sailors without exception, knew enough to note with admiration the old skipper's ready ingenuity and sturdy seamanship in improvising workmanlike substitutes. She behaved abominably, but at least she kept her keel under water. And in this manner the affair was taken out of the captain's hands.

It was early next morning when the captain went again to the chief mate's room, to be met with a smile from the pillow. He answered it with a smile no less genial, if not so friendly.

"You see," said the mate, before the captain could speak. "You see?" He had the manner of one who makes things plain to a child. "It would only have been assisting nature, after all."

"That's all," agreed the captain.

The mate shot a quick glance at him.

"You were very high and mighty about it yesterday," he said. "You feel different now, I suppose. Well, you'll not get so much out of it. When are you going to leave her?"

"Leave what?" demanded the captain.

"The ship, man," cried the mate. "She's riding pretty badly, I notice."

The captain laughed; the other, hearing it, grew grave. "You're—you're not going to leave her?" he cried.

"Man, be wise."

"Oh, I'm wise enough," said the captain. "But I'm sorry to put the owners to expense. Still, for a fine, sound boat like this, such a handy boat in a seaway—"

The mate gripped the edge of the bunk.

"For the Lord's sake," he said, "get it out and let's hear."

The captain stopped laughing and stepped closer to him. "Listen, then," he said. There was a noise of feet on the deck above them. "They're putting a boat over. But we're not going to leave her, Mister Mate. There's a steamboat standing by; she came up in the night; and we're sending a tow-rope aboard of her. It'll cost something cruel; her skipper's a shark for money; but, at any rate, the *Gatwick's* going to keep afloat and I'm going to command her. D'you understand?"

The mate nodded and lay back on his pillow.

"At any rate," he said, after a pause, "I shall get a doctor for this leg of mine. It's beginning to hurt in earnest."

A Record of Current Events

These spirited remarks of Mr. Pinchot's were universally interpreted as an attack on Richard A. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior. Secretary Ballinger, in reply, said:

"I have information from Washington that the public records show that not a single power site or dam site was taken by private individuals during the time that one million acres were thrown open to public entry last April."

The General Land Office makes substantially the same reply. They say:

"At no time since the administration of Secretary Ballinger have any power sites been filed upon in Montana. The only water-power sites on the watersheds of the Missouri River not now under the control of the Government under Secretary Ballinger's orders of suspension are sites which have been in private ownership for several years, and two additional sites which are improved and developed to run the street-cars and lighting plants of Helena and Butte and the mines in Butte."

There are two points at issue: The first is the question of fact as to whether power and dam sites were filched from the vast acreage thrown open to the public in April by Mr. Ballinger. The second is a question of method. Mr. Pinchot says:

"Rigid construction of the law works, and must work, in the vast majority of cases, for the benefit of the men who can hire the best lawyers and who have the sources of influence in lawmaking at their command. Strict construction necessarily favors the great interests as against the people, and in the long run can not do otherwise. Wise execution of the law must consider what the law ought to accomplish for the general good."

Playing at War

BOTTLING Boston was the first maneuver in which field officers had been allowed ground enough in which to fight out a real war problem. It brought together the distinguished veteran of the General Staff, the raw-boned militiaman from up State, and the seasoned soldier of the Fighting Tenth Cavalry. All barked their shins together in a war movement in which everything was real but the bullets in the guns.

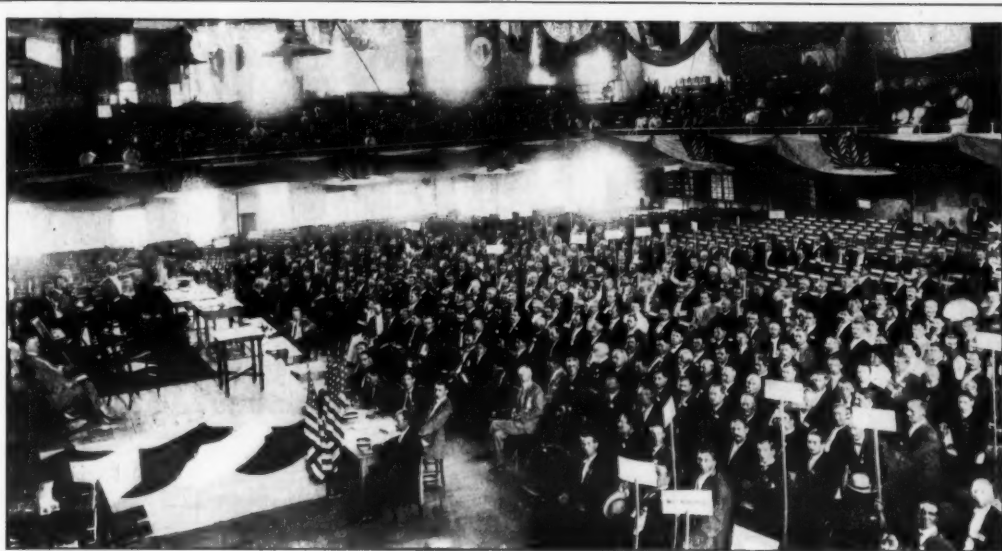
There were automobile trucks that went with the speed of cavalry to the front, richly laden with the all-necessary "belly" on which the soldier fights. And there were more automobiles with soft-cushioned seats in which the commanding general of the invading Reds and his staff were conveyed from danger point to danger point. The old-time messenger on horseback, flying along with his trusty spur dug deep into his frothing nag's side, was very much of a back number.

The game cost Uncle Sam \$500,000, but he was glad to spend the money. There were 16,000 men involved, and most of them were the heedless boys to whom the Government must look for its efficiency in war for another ten years at least.

The Car Strike

IN THE August "Survey" we have the first clear, unbiased account of the steel car strike near Pittsburgh. It is written by Paul U. Kellogg, whose knowledge of the facts in the case seems to be as wide as his human sympathy. The McKee's Rocks strike was caused by a sweeping reduction in wages in the plant of the Pressed Steel Car Company, where five thousand men of ten nationalities are employed. The company installed a system for speeding up the major departments, they revolutionized the system of

(Con'tinued on page 22)



Prescribing the Tonic for Agriculture

The Seventeenth National Irrigation Congress in session at Spokane, Washington, on Monday, August 9. On the platform, at the left, is seated President George E. Barstow. R. A. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior, and ex-Governor G. C. Pardee of California made addresses upon the reclamation projects of the Government.



An Unaccountable Wreck

While running at fifty-five miles an hour, near Bristol, Tennessee, on August 12, the engine of the New York and New Orleans Limited, Southern Railway, suddenly left the track and plunged down an embankment. Two people were killed, while numerous others were injured. The cause of the wreck is unknown.

The Aldrich Senators

By MARK SULLIVAN

How the Senators Voted on the Tariff

There were in all one hundred and twenty-nine roll-calls in the Senate on the tariff. This table shows how often each Republican Senator voted AGAINST Aldrich, how often WITH Aldrich, and how often they did not vote at all. The list is printed in the order of the number of times they voted AGAINST Aldrich—in the order of their relative insurgency, so to speak. A few especially remarkable pro-Aldrich records on the part of Western Senators are underscored. (Lorimer was not elected until late in the session, and participated in only sixty roll calls.) For further explanation of the significance of this table and of the various figures, read the rest of this page.

| | Voted AGAINST Aldrich | Voted WITH Aldrich | Not Vot- ing |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|
| La Follette, Wisconsin | 106 | 18 | 5 |
| Bristow, Kansas | 101 | 27 | 1 |
| Clapp, Minnesota | 91 | 20 | 18 |
| Cummins, Iowa | 89 | 31 | 9 |
| Dolliver, Iowa | 73 | 45 | 11 |
| Nelson, Minnesota | 69 | 53 | 7 |
| Brown, Nebraska | 65 | 56 | 8 |
| Burkett, Nebraska | 58 | 70 | 1 |
| Beveridge, Indiana | 55 | 34 | 40 |
| Crawford, South Dakota | 52 | 70 | 7 |
| Gamble, South Dakota | 32 | 82 | 15 |
| Borah, Idaho | 25 | 84 | 20 |
| Curtis, Kansas | 24 | 82 | 23 |
| Burton, Ohio | 14 | 114 | 1 |
| Johnson, North Dakota | 13 | 110 | 6 |
| McCumber, North Dakota | 11 | 78 | 40 |
| Jones, Washington | 10 | 89 | 30 |
| Smith, Michigan | 10 | 58 | 61 |
| du Pont, Delaware | 8 | 106 | 15 |
| Bulkeley, Connecticut | 7 | 102 | 20 |
| Piles, Washington | 7 | 103 | 19 |
| Root, New York | 7 | 104 | 18 |
| Carter, Montana | 5 | 121 | 3 |
| Dick, Ohio | 4 | 123 | 2 |
| Heyburn, Idaho | 4 | 124 | 1 |
| Page, Vermont | 4 | 125 | 0 |
| Frye, Maine | 3 | 88 | 38 |
| Gallinger, New Hampshire | 3 | 121 | 5 |
| Dixon, Montana | 3 | 105 | 21 |
| Crane, Massachusetts | 3 | 113 | 13 |
| Burnham, New Hampshire | 3 | 123 | 3 |
| Brandagee, Connecticut | 3 | 121 | 5 |
| Bourne, Oregon | 2 | 52 | 75 |
| Bradley, Kentucky | 2 | 82 | 45 |

| | Voted AGAINST Aldrich | Voted WITH Aldrich | Not Vot- ing |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|
| Clark, Wyoming | 2 | 108 | 19 |
| Cullom, Illinois | 2 | 97 | 30 |
| Perkins, California | 2 | 112 | 15 |
| Scott, West Virginia | 2 | 110 | 17 |
| Wetmore, Rhode Island | 2 | 117 | 10 |
| Briggs, New Jersey | 1 | 107 | 21 |
| Burrows, Michigan | 1 | 126 | 2 |
| Depew, New York | 1 | 97 | 31 |
| Dillingham, Vermont | 1 | 94 | 34 |
| Elkins, West Virginia | 1 | 83 | 45 |
| Guggenheim, Colorado | 1 | 96 | 32 |
| Hale, Maine | 1 | 82 | 46 |
| Lodge, Massachusetts | 1 | 102 | 26 |
| Oliver, Pennsylvania | 1 | 102 | 26 |
| Penrose, Pennsylvania | 1 | 124 | 7 |
| Nixon, Nevada | 1 | 87 | 41 |
| Richardson, Delaware | 1 | 5 | 123 |
| Stephenson, Wisconsin | 1 | 81 | 47 |
| Warner, Missouri | 1 | 112 | 11 |
| Warren, Wyoming | 1 | 97 | 31 |
| Lorimer, Illinois | 1 | 35 | 24 |
| Sutherland, Utah | 0 | 117 | 12 |

| | Voted AGAINST Aldrich | Voted WITH Aldrich | Not Vot- ing |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|
| Smoot, Utah | 0 | 129 | 0 |
| Kean, New Jersey | 0 | 125 | 4 |
| Flint, California | 0 | 111 | 18 |
| Aldrich, Rhode Island | 0 | 129 | 0 |

This list of Democratic Senators is printed in the order in which they voted AGAINST Aldrich. The number of votes cast WITH Aldrich is, of course, in the case of a Democratic Senator, equally significant.

| | Voted AGAINST Aldrich | Voted WITH Aldrich | Not Vot- ing |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|
| Gore, Oklahoma | 118 | 5 | 6 |
| Bacon, Georgia | 111 | 11 | 7 |
| Fletcher, Florida | 107 | 12 | 10 |
| Overman, North Carolina | 106 | 8 | 15 |
| Johnston, Alabama | 103 | 7 | 19 |
| Hughes, Colorado | 101 | 9 | 19 |
| Stone, Missouri | 97 | 7 | 25 |
| Frazier, Tennessee | 97 | 3 | 29 |
| Simmons, North Carolina | 88 | 14 | 27 |
| Tallaferro, Florida | 87 | 14 | 28 |
| Newlands, Nevada | 87 | 7 | 35 |
| Martin, Virginia | 87 | 18 | 24 |
| Chamberlain, Oregon | 85 | 16 | 28 |
| Culberson, Texas | 83 | 6 | 40 |
| Clay, Georgia | 81 | 6 | 42 |
| Bankhead, Alabama | 79 | 10 | 40 |
| Paynter, Kentucky | 75 | 5 | 49 |
| Money, Mississippi | 74 | 11 | 44 |
| Bailey, Texas | 69 | 11 | 49 |
| McLaurin, Mississippi | 67 | 5 | 57 |
| Tillman, South Carolina | 67 | 8 | 54 |
| Taylor, Tennessee | 64 | 11 | 54 |
| Rayner, Maryland | 64 | 5 | 60 |
| Foster, Louisiana | 63 | 29 | 37 |
| Davis, Arkansas | 63 | 6 | 60 |
| Shively, Indiana | 63 | 4 | 62 |
| Owen, Oklahoma | 62 | 6 | 61 |
| Smith, Maryland | 61 | 12 | 56 |
| Smith, South Carolina | 57 | 3 | 69 |
| Daniel, Virginia | 56 | 14 | 59 |
| McEnery, Louisiana | 25 | 66 | 38 |
| Clarke, Arkansas | 10 | 0 | 119 |



The Aldrich Senators and the Aldrich Map

This cartoon, by McCutcheon, was printed in the Chicago "Tribune" during the height of the tariff debates and was reprinted in Collier's. It is again printed here because the complete record of Senatorial votes printed on this page makes it possible to give names to the cartoonist's manikins who obey Mr. Aldrich.

THE man who keeps the hardware store in Muscatine, Iowa, is Theron Thompson. Writing to this paper last week Mr. Thompson asks:

"... Actually we do not understand out here why things should go as Aldrich desires them. We try to grasp it and wonder. . . ."

Now Mr. Theron's question and the question of many thousands who wonder what is the secret of Aldrich is answered by the figures on this page.

There is no magic in Aldrich except his certain understanding that a given number of Senators will always vote with him. His name begins with "A," he leads the roll-call; he votes and leans back in his seat with the calm assurance that a working majority will vote "yea" if he said "yea," and "nay" if he said "nay." That is all there is to Aldrich. There were 129 votes on the tariff. Some were vital, some were perfunctory matters of parliamentary procedure. But in little matters as in great, Aldrich's faithful band were always with him.

On those 129 ballots, four Senators *never* voted against Aldrich once. (For their names see the table.) Sixteen Senators voted against Aldrich just one time out of 129 (for names see table); seven more Senators voted against Aldrich twice—two times out of 129 (for names see table); six more Senators voted against Aldrich just three times out of 129. Three more voted against him four times, and one voted against him five times. These men had no convictions about the tariff that Aldrich didn't have first.

Of the correct and necessary inferences from this table, many pages could be written—but the table tells its own tale. Of the inevitable inferences, the most obvious is involved in these questions:

How can two Senators who represent the State of Utah justify their voting with the Senator from Rhode Island just 129 times out of 129 (Smoot), and 117 times out of 129 (Sutherland)? Why the other New England Senators should vote with Aldrich is explainable, though not very creditable; the tariff was made in New England's interest—but the Western Senators are a different matter.

How can Flint of California justify his voting with Aldrich

111 times out of 129, and against him never once? Are the interests of California and Utah identical with the interests of Rhode Island?

And the same as to Dick of Ohio. Do the outrageous duties on cotton cloth and clothing—made to suit the wealthy interests which Mr. Aldrich works for—do those duties please the people of Ohio? Dick voted for them.

Is Michigan pleased with the fact that Burrows voted with Aldrich 126 times out of 129, and that Smith voted against Aldrich only ten times?

Did Carter truly represent the people of Montana when he voted *with* Aldrich on every vote except 8? Within a year Carter must come before the people of Montana for reelection.

When the Insurgent Senators of Minnesota, Iowa, and Indiana returned to their homes, they were received with extraordinary expressions of public approbation. If these Insurgents were right, surely the Aldrich Western Senators must have been wrong.

We hope the newspapers of every Western State will press these questions home to every Senator who was an automatic "O. K." for Aldrich.

How Your Senator Voted

AN amplification of the record on this page has been prepared by Collier's and will be sent to any person on receipt of fifty cents. This larger record gives:

The subject of each of the 129 votes taken during the session.

How Senator Aldrich voted on each roll-call.

Whether each motion was carried or lost.

The total vote on each roll-call.

The party vote on each roll-call—how many Republicans, how many Democrats

voted "yea," "nay," etc.

The official reference to date and page of the Congressional Record.

How the Senator voted whose record you desire.

This larger record is in effect a simplified digest of the work of the recent session of the Senate. To secure it, address Collier's Congressional Record, 901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.; enclose fifty cents in stamps or any form of money, and give the name of the Senator whose record you wish.



Meat vs. Beans

Here are two pounds of beans and two pounds of sirloin steak. The beans cost 20c, the steak 45c. Yet the meat contains the lesser nutriment.

Beans are 23% nitrogenous—84% nutriment. They are Nature's premier food.

They contain more food value than beef, or eggs, or cheese. Yet see how little they cost.

They are appetizing and hearty. All people like them. They may be served in a dozen ways.

They should be a daily dish, not an occasional. They are our most economical, most staple food.

The trouble has been in home baking.

In a dry oven, the center beans of a baking dish never get half heat enough.

The particles are not separated so the digestive juices can get to them. The result is the beans ferment and form gas. You call them a heavy food.

The top beans are crisped, the middle beans mushy and broken. You have spent sixteen hours to prepare them, yet they are not an inviting dish. That is due to your lack of facilities.

Beans must be baked in a steam oven, as we bake them. The heat for hours must be maintained at 245 degrees.

They must be baked in small parcels, as we do, so the full heat goes through.

Then the beans are mealy—then they all digest. Yet the skins are unbroken. The beans are—as all people like them—nutty, mealy and whole.

Beans, to be digestible and wholesome—to be even inviting—must be factory baked.

Then we bake the tomato sauce with the pork and beans to secure our delicious blend.

We send them to you ready to serve. A dozen cans on the pantry shelf mean a dozen meals ready any moment.

They remain till you use them as fresh and as savory as when they came from our ovens.

Please learn what such beans mean to you. Then you'll never bake beans at home. You will serve beans five times where you now serve them once, and save a great deal on your meat bills. Millions of housewives have proved this already.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE PORK AND BEANS

Don't judge Van Camp's by other ready-baked beans. Van Camp's now outsell all others together, because millions have learned the difference.

We have spent 48 years in perfecting this dish. We ought to know how best to prepare it.

We use only the whitest and plumpiest Michigan beans—picked out by hand from the finest beans grown. They cost us four times what some beans would cost.

We spend, to make our tomato sauce, just five times what common sauce sells for in bulk. For we make ours

of whole, ripe tomatoes, ripened on the vines. Thus comes our sparkling zest.

We could easily put up a cheaper dish—a dish that would pay us more profit. But the best possible beans are the cheapest for you, because people will eat more of them. So they are best for us.

The only way to get beans as good as they can be is to insist on Van Camp's. You'll never take others then.

(2)

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 Indianapolis, Indiana

15217A

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES FOR THE YOUNG MAN

Assuming that all good clothes makers use the same excellent materials, what is so different about Society Brand Clothes? They are genuinely young-mannish, patterns for the young man's mind, designs for the young man's taste, shaped for the young man's body; America's characteristic young men's clothes.

Write Alfred Decker & Cohn,
317 Franklin St., Chicago, for illustrated fashion panels

Society  Brand

What the World Is Doing

(Continued from page 19)

wage payments, they cut wages—all within a space of six months—and they jammed through these rapid-fire changes in an autocratic way. They will not tolerate petitions or meet with representatives of the men, and they refuse to arbitrate.

F. N. Hoffstot, president of the company, says: "There is nothing to arbitrate in the present difficulty. The officers of the company will not meet with any committee of the men."

Near to the plant are rows of box-like company houses, filled with Slavs, and making up what is popularly known as Hunkeyville. Under the name of the Fidelity Land Company, the Pressed Steel Car Company owns two hundred double houses. A laborer can not afford to rent one of these houses unless he fills it with lodgers.

Says Mr. Kellogg: "The company has a general reputation for consideration of Hunkey-life very much in keeping with the contempt it accords its employees industrially—as machine tenders rather than men. These employees it had gathered from the four ends of the earth; and it had seen to it that there was no trace of unionism among them."

The strike is the protest of "the half-assimilated, the half-Americanized, the half-skilled against the very industrial policies which have brought them here, and which, by the deploying of fresh migrations, tend to keep them all down to what the company calls 'ordinary day labor.'"

The Nocturnal Aeroplane

THE aeroplane when it stays out after dark must hang signal lights. Such is the new ruling of the Aero Club of France. "Every aviation apparatus when traveling at night or during a fog must be fitted with a green light on the right, a red light on the left, a white light in front and below."

It will be stirring to see the firmament splashed with red, green, and white from the darting, night-ranging aeroplanes. Racing lights will tear madly through the midnight, like comets with a purpose. Then they will slow down and come to anchor in the infinite, twinkling like aerial drugstores through long summer nights. The cry will go up: "Watchman, what of the night?" And the watcher, leaning earthward, will report: "A biplane hangs by Saturn. And just over Chicago and under the Milky Way, two Bleriot monoplanes are racing toward the Great Bear."

The Crackling of Thorns

NOW and again in a colorless item you get a human note. Such is the anecdote of the new School Superintendent of Chicago, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young. When she was a frail little school-ma'am in her first school, she said to the boys who overwhelmed her with their noise and roughness:

"Why do you laugh at me when I am doing the best I can? What is the sense of laughing at a person who is doing the best she can?"

The Lake That Came Back

FLOATING, difficult in fresh water and something of an art in the sea, becomes in the Great Salt Lake a condition impossible to avoid. Lie down and you lie half above the surface; enter it below your depth and you will walk along after you have sunk to your armpits, provided only you can keep your balance. No one ever drowned in it, although there have been deaths from strangulation; a gallon of it boiled yields a quart of salt. Orson Pratt, the first permanent white settler on its shore, swam in it on July 26, 1847.

Since that time the Great Salt Lake has become the principal tourist-baiting asset of one State and the center of frequent excursions from another. This year it is being celebrated as the "lake that came back." Among its other mysterious traits is that of disappearing in large part upon occasions.

In 1893 an immense bathing pavilion was built a mile out in the water, with bath-houses running in crescent-shaped lines toward the shore from both sides of the pavilion. In 1900 the lake began to go away. In 1904 bathing conditions were so bad that the bathing-house proprietors had to turn the horns of their crescent the other way about. And then from one of them they had to run an improvised trolley another mile out to the water. In 1906 a general cry went up that the lake was gone, and likewise a cry went to Washington for governmental relief for



Needs
No
Painting

Amatite B ROOFING

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

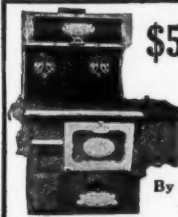
AMATITE Ready Roofing is waterproofed with two layers of Coal Tar Pitch, the greatest waterproofing material known. Storms, heat and cold will not injure it in any way.

After Amatite is laid on your roof it will protect you without any care or attention.

It also has a real mineral surface. This mineral surface needs no painting of any kind.

Amatite is easy to lay; no skilled labor is required—you can do it yourself. Just unroll the Amatite on the roof, lap one layer over the next, cement it together and nail down. That's all.

Free sample and booklet on request. Barrett Manufacturing Company, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, New Orleans or Minneapolis.



\$5 to \$40

Saved
on your
Stove

By Our Direct-From-Factory-To-You Selling Plan.

Write for our Catalog No. 176 and compare our prices and quality with others. That's all the proof you need.

Thousands of our customers have written us there's no better stove than the Kalamazoo anywhere at any price. Hundreds of thousands are now in use. Our catalog tells you how to buy—how to know a good stove. Our credit plan makes paying easy for all responsible persons.

We make stoves and ranges of every kind. Select from our Catalog—buy direct from us—the manufacturers—for

Cash or Credit

360-days' approval test. Freight prepaid. Safe delivery guaranteed.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

"A Kalamazoo
Direct to You"



We Ship on Approval

without a cent deposit, prepaid the freight and allow 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unheard of prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1918 model bicycles.

Do not buy a bicycle

Factory Prices or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful propositions on first sample bicycle going to your town.

Rider Agents everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper than any other factory.

Tires, Coaster-Brakes, single wheels, parts, repairs and sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait; write today for our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. B-64, CHICAGO

SILENCE and
POWER
together with
SPEED and
the M. M.
SIMPLICITY
of construction
is why the



M. M. Motorcycle is the acknowledged leader. Its powerful perfectly balanced engine, its absolutely quiet muffler, its positive control, and its easy riding, smooth running qualities prove it an ideal Motorcycle. Dealers Wanted. M. M. MOTOR COMPANY, Brockton, Mass.

PATENTS

NEW BOOK FREE This New Book on PATENTS tells how to obtain a Patent, explains the cost of a patent and gives full particulars of our Special Advantageous Methods of Business. O'HARA & BROCK, Pat. Attys., 918 F St., Washington, D. C.



The Well-Groomed Man and the Dainty Woman

both know the value of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum. The man uses it after shaving to prevent shaving soreness and collar chafing. The woman uses it as face powder because of its purity, softness and invisibility after application. Both use it after bathing and before exercise to prevent excessive perspiration and to keep the skin cool, fresh and sweet.

Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum Powder

is so delightfully scented with essence of Riviera Violets that it is frequently used as a sachet powder. It is put up in large glass jars (which prevent metallic taint or odor), sold by all druggists at 25c.

Let a Free Sample Show You how superior in quality and perfume this powder is to ordinary talcum powders. A postal request will bring you the free sample.

LEHN & FINK
119 William Street New York



IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

the arid West. Secretary of the Interior Garfield responded with a trip of inspection in June, 1907, and for the fourteen days he was in the Great Basin country it rained. Then he sniffed. "My conclusion is," he said, "that what the arid West most needs is a boat and a set of navigation laws."

This summer the present generation of swimmers is completing the finest season in their memory. They dance upon the pavilion above six feet of brine, and the tiny sailboats that once anchored away off near the horizon now tie up to the pavilion, while the crescent of bath-houses has again had its horns—or at least one of them—turned in toward the shore. Harriman's celebrated engineering masterpiece, the Lucin cut-off across the lake, was built when the engineers believed that the drain of irrigation had permanently sunk its level. It is not quite endangered yet by the return of the waters, but another season's rise on top of the present remarkable gain may make the railroad engineers anxious.

The Prince of Peace

THE Hebrew prophets used to celebrate the coming of a Prince of Peace. The four gospels give hints of a like concept. This ancient idea, pleasant enough for a nomadic people, has broken down in the minds of some of the modern ministers of the Word. While England is pleading for more *Dreadnoughts* in the water and for more soldiers on the dry land, some of her clergymen join the cry for the men who can ride and shoot, and for the ironclads with the big guns.

Straight from the altar of the Meek and Lowly One comes the Vicar of St. Peter-in-the-East, Oxford, John Huntley Skrine, with his message: "To preach the eternal lesson of the Cross in the terms and with the instances of the hour," and "To join the Territorial Army like Christians."

"When shall we be able to present the gospel doctrine of sacrifice in a form so practical and so plain?" he asks. "How can we preach the lesson of the Cross more pointedly than when we may tell the idler and malingering that he is no Christian, and assure the chivalrous that to go for a soldier is to go on a crusade?"

Waiting at the Tavern Door

LIKE the blood that follows a tooth, every bit of lawmaking is embedded in warm human life, and the slightest list and wrench make the surrounding parts rock with pain. Excellent is the new English statute, the Children Act. Every public house in the amalgamated islands is decorated with this sign:

"Children under fourteen years of age will not be served in this bar."

The purpose of the enactment was to keep tiny children from frequenting evil resorts, where they could pick up language and drink. But watch its workings in the troubled lives of the poor.

A tour in London was made out Whitechapel way, the Portobello Road, Victoria Dock Road, High Street in Deptford, and Lambeth Walk, to see the section and the children playing in the streets. The mother and the father still go for their drink, and take hours to it. In the former days the child was carried into the shelter of the bar. Now it is left outside in the rain or under the sun.

Here are a couple of items from the tour.

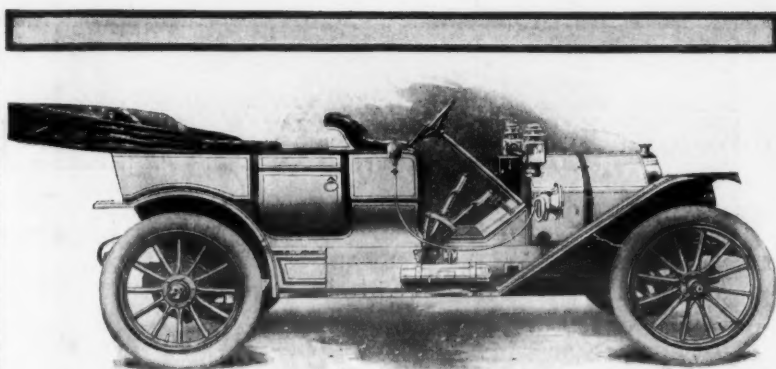
"Portobello Road District:
"HOUSE No. 2—Six children (the house was very crowded), one being a tiny baby which looked a few days old, but which its nurse, a mite of six, informed me was two months old. The children here were in various stages of ennui.

"Whitechapel District:
"HOUSE No. 4—Two babies of two and three, a girl of seven, and a wee morsel of humanity a fortnight old (so far as I could judge), in a perambulator, were the waiters here. The little girl had been given a halfpenny for keeping a watchful eye on the lot, and seemed oppressed by her responsibility. The mite in the perambulator kept up an incessant wail, which it was the little girl's duty to stifle by means of a penny 'comforter.'"

And so it went for many public houses in the East End of London.

One publican hired a shop next door to his tavern and fitted it up as a crèche, with a woman in charge, and welcomed the waifs who had been dropped at the tavern door by thirsty parents. Straightway certain of the temperance people accused him of evading the law.

What a picture of life all that gives—the dreary children, and guzzling parents, and the mean streets. To Ruskin a land that made its young girls weary stood condemned. But unhappy too is a people which allows some of its children to be wrecked.



\$3,000 Worth of Automobile for \$2,000

THERE are two ways of buying an automobile. One is to pay too little. The other is to pay too much.

If you want to get all of the real pleasure and satisfaction out of motoring, you've got to have the automobile to do it with.

Try to economize too much in the purchase of your car—and you do it at a sacrifice of your pleasure, the pleasure of your family and your friends.

It is now needless—since the event of the Haynes Model 19—to invest a young fortune for the most satisfactory car made.

Pay \$2,000.00 for this new Haynes car, and you get everything that's worth having on an automobile. You get style—workmanship—mechanism—all-around quality.

Pay more—and you make an unnecessary investment. Pay less—and you're apt to get an unsatisfactory car—short-lived and full of troubles—one that you will want to dispose of (at a sacrifice) as soon as you get a taste of the pleasures of motoring.

Did you ever stop to think that the man who has run one of the cheaper cars, who sells it and gets a larger, more roomy, elegant machine such as our Haynes Model 19—never enjoys riding in the cheaper car again? He has graduated from the cheap-car class.

As motor cars become more popular, and people become more educated on the question of buying—more people are buying right the first time.

It's expensive evolution in car-buying to

work up through the cheaper and smaller cars to a satisfactory car at last—because there's bound to be a loss on every small car you sell—to say nothing of the expense of maintenance while you own it.

This Model 19 is intended for two classes of buyers—those who are through experimenting and those who want to avoid it.

It is distinctly a car for conservative buyers.

No matter what price you intend paying for a car, you ought to get the facts about this car before you buy.

After you have seen it and ridden in it and controlled it you will appreciate its positive \$3,000.00-value.

If you want something better (and cheaper) than a one-season car, and a car that you can feel proud of in the company of even the highest-priced cars, let us send you the facts about this Model 19 and tell you when you can see it and have a demonstration.

Use this coupon for your convenience.

Haynes Automobile Co.

114 Main St., Kokomo, Ind.

Please forward literature concerning your Model 19 and advise where I can have a demonstration should I desire it.

Name.....

Address.....

Haynes Automobile Company
114 Main Street Kokomo, Ind.



PURE,
RELIABLE

Minute Gelatine

Already measured—4 envelopes in each package. Contents of each envelope make one pint. Dissolve contents of one envelope in boiling water or milk, add sugar, fruit or flavor, cool and serve. Simple, isn't it?

35 choice receipts in Minute Cook Book. Full package post-paid for 15c. and grocer's name. Cook Book free.

MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY,
133 West Main St., Orange, Mass.

You will want it every meal when you know how good it is and how easily prepared.



THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM.

FIVE CENTS THE DOZENS AND IN 5¢ 10¢ AND 25¢ PACKETS

Chiclets REALLY DELIGHTFUL

JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER

Try Them! If you can't buy Chiclets in your neighborhood send us ten cents for a sample packet. Any jobber will supply storekeepers with Chiclets.

FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada



PARIS GARTERS

They fit so well you forget they're there

A necessity with Knee-Drawers No metal can touch you

You need them the year round

Sold Everywhere

25.50¢

A. Stein & Co., 160 Center Ave., Chicago

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

LIEUT. SHACKLETON

¶ Begins in the September McClure's *"Farthest South"*—the young explorer's own story of his advance to within 97 miles of the South Pole.

DOCTOR ELIOT

¶ The President Emeritus of Harvard University contributes *"The Remedy for Industrial Warfare."*

BEER

¶ A straightforward analysis of the city liquor problem. By George Kibbe Turner.

SEPTEMBER McCLURE'S

ALL NEWS-STANDS, AUGUST 20
FIFTEEN CENTS



STERLING TIRES

There isn't any known way of building stronger tires than Sterlings. Each layer of rubber and fabric has special care and special treatment. Each tire has from eight to twelve inspections before it leaves us, and is guaranteed factory perfect. You never have and never will hear of a Sterling "second." All Sterlings are "firsts"—first in war, first in peace and rapidly becoming first in the hearts of all car-owners.

STERLING BLUE TUBES The only blue tube. Blue for a reason. "Ask us why." Tell us what tires you use and where you buy them and we'll tell you how to get a Sterling Blue Tube—FREE.

RUTHERFORD RUBBER CO., Rutherford, N. J.

Distributing Agencies

New York, 1691 Broadway
Philadelphia, Pa., Philadelphia Rubber Tire Co., 680 N. Broad St.
Syracuse, N. Y., Central City Rubber Co., 248 W. Washington St.
Rochester, N. Y., Sidney B. Ruby Co., 508 South Ave.
Boston, Mass., C. S. Knowles, 7 Arch St.
Columbia, S. C., E. A. Jenkins Motor Co., 1216 Main St.
Buffalo, N. Y., The Kelsey Co., 43-45 Niagara St.
St. Louis, Mo., Phoenix Auto Supply Co., 2352 Olive St.
Baltimore, Md., The "Little Joe" Weisenfeld Co., 200 W. Baltimore St.
Troy, N. Y., The E. G. Bernard Co., 1918-24 Sixth Ave.
Newark, O., Ball-Finley Co.

Cincinnati, O., Ball-Finley Co., 108 W. 2d St.
Columbus, O., Motor Supply Co., 12 E. Spring St.
Toledo, O., Motor Supply Co., 426 Summit St.
Springfield, O., Motor Supply Co., 103 E. High St.
Dayton, O., Motor Supply Co., 40 E. 5th St.
St. Paul, Minn., C. J. Smith & Co., 16 W. 4th St.
San Francisco, Calif., Pacific Sales Corporation, 50-56 Van Ness Ave.
Chicago, Ill., Franco-American Auto Supply Co., 1404 Michigan Ave.

Richmond, Va., Gordon Motor Co., Inc., 1631-3 W. Broad St.
Jacksonville, Fla., McGraw Bros. & Vogt
Savannah, Ga., Savannah Tire & Repair Wks., 109 W. State St.
Albany, Ga., Clark's Garage, 180 Pine St.
Atlanta, Ga., The Dunham Rubber Co., 102 N. Pryor St.
Indianapolis, Ind., The Guarantee Tire & Bicycle Co., 208 So. Illinois St.
Cleveland, O., The Western Reserve Motor Car Co., 3017 Euclid Ave.
Portland, Me., The James Bailey Co., 18 Free St.

STERLING BLUE TUBES

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Writing State Histories

AMONG those writers of State histories who treat of commonwealths west of the Mississippi River there is too often a marked tendency to give emphasis to the story prior to Statehood rather than after Statehood, thereby making their works Territorial rather than State histories. The stories of aboriginal tribes, Indian wars, block-houses, scouts, prairie schooners, blazed trails, explorers, and pioneer camps linked by pony expresses and the stage-coach of romance are as clearly a part of the story of any Western State as are the stories of Columbus's voyage, the settlements of Plymouth and Jamestown an integral part of the real history of the United States, but we should be compelled to dismiss as ill-balanced an alleged history of our country that adequately covered this background to the exclusion of the great events that occurred after the Liberty Bell had delivered its message. An up-to-date history of the nation that treated of Washington and Lincoln as political incidents and flatly ignored such prominent actors in our national arena as Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Monroe, Madison, Grant, Cleveland, and Roosevelt would be no more unbalanced, for instance, than the recent history of the State of Wisconsin, by Reuben Gold Thwaites, in the States History series of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. As a story of territorial Wisconsin, Mr. Thwaites has done an admirable, intimate, and comprehensive work, but as a State history its omissions are misleading. Though Wisconsin has been a singularly progressive State, and though it has had Governors of national reputation, these facts are not even mentioned in this so-called State history.

In pleasant contrast to works of this kind is the "History of the State of Washington," by Edmond S. Meany, Professor of History in the University of Washington, just published by the Macmillan Company.

Professor Meany begins his story at the time when the troubled seas of the globe were vomiting huge mountain ranges. In starting any history it would be difficult to get ahead of that. In a few pages we have followed the great glacial slides carving out broad valleys, and are then brought up to a relief map of Washington, which shows us the neatly finished product of it all, just as a foundry machine at one end bites off a piece of cold iron and at the other pops into your hand a neatly turned tool.

Given the State, Professor Meany takes his readers along on every important ramble his Northwest country has known. He talks of Lewis and Clark as if they were his first cousins and he expected them back for a visit almost any time. The author seems to have been with every Puget Sound voyager, from Vancouver to Dewey, and with every pathfinder, from Fremont to the Great Northern. These stories, chronologically and admirably told, are full of romance and power and with that grateful welcome touch that gives the reader a smile whenever a smile is due.

Though Washington, as a State, is still of tender age, this author has appreciated the important fact that the historical importance of any country grows as it multiplies in population and advances in civilization. Nearly a hundred pages are devoted to the story of Washington's Statehood and the administrations of its first five Governors.

The work is invaluable to any student of our Northwest, and by the readers of history's real romances it will receive a hearty welcome. R. L. J.

The "History of the State of Washington," by Edmond S. Meany. The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.25 net.

Romance

AS NOVELS are read by a larger public than any other species of literature except newspapers, they give rise to many interesting and important questions. The writer of this review is sometimes puzzled about his own attitude toward them. That attitude varies profoundly with his condition and the accidents of his life. At certain times, wrapped up in history, biography, or science, he is so preoccupied racing against the shortness of life for a small fraction of the information a man ought to have that it would be altogether impossible for him to turn aside to books which absorb

(Concluded on page 26)



Aims Easy As Pointing Your Forefinger

NO unnatural, awkward, drawing up of the wrist to get aim, as in the case of revolvers. You simply jerk the Savage Automatic out of your trousers watch pocket quick, point it instinctively as you would your forefinger, and the bull's eye is hit nine times out of ten. That's one reason why the Savage Automatic always gets in the first shot, and aims so sure. Wrist twisting takes time and spoils aim. Shoots as fast as you can pull the trigger. Why the Savage Automatic is the quickest, powerfulest, safest, most notable pocket arm invention since the revolver over thirty-five years ago is told fascinatingly and pictorially in a beautiful free book. Send for it. 6½ in. long. 19-oz. Flat. Buy of us if your dealer doesn't keep Savage Automatics. Made by the makers of

**10
Shots
Quick**

THE FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

regarded by expert shots everywhere as the most skilfully built of all rifles. You, who want a rifle, do injustice to yourself if you fail to look at the Savage '99 Model or the .22 cal. Model '03 Repeater before you buy. Send for the new handsome Savage Rifle Catalogue. It's free and full of Savage Rifle information. Address, SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 827 Savage Avenue, Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

The New SAVAGE Automatic

We Guarantee

that Indestructo trunks will stand more abuse—more careless handling—will travel more miles and remain longer in good serviceable condition without the annoyance and expense of frequent repairs than any other trunk on the market.

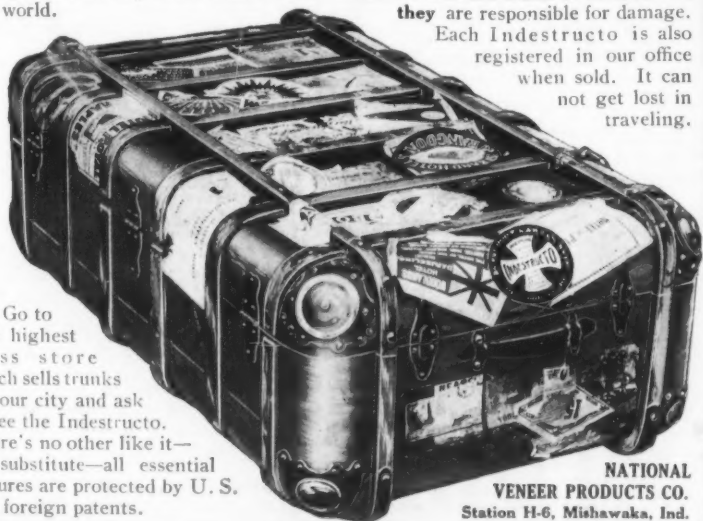
More than that, each Indestructo carries a Bond guaranteeing against destruction by Fire, Accident, Wreck, Collision, Carelessness, and Neglect.

Indestructo Trunks

Indestructo Trunks are made very light in weight but are stronger, more serviceable, more enduring than ordinary trunks. The material is the toughest, most elastic, has greatest resisting qualities of any trunk material in the world.

Protected Against Loss

The Warning Label shown here appears on each end of every Indestructo. It is a notice to baggage smashers that the trunk is insured and they are responsible for damage. Each Indestructo is also registered in our office when sold. It can not get lost in traveling.



Go to the highest class store which sells trunks in your city and ask to see the Indestructo. There's no other like it—no substitute—all essential features are protected by U. S. and foreign patents.

NATIONAL
VENEER PRODUCTS CO.
Station H-6, Mishawaka, Ind.



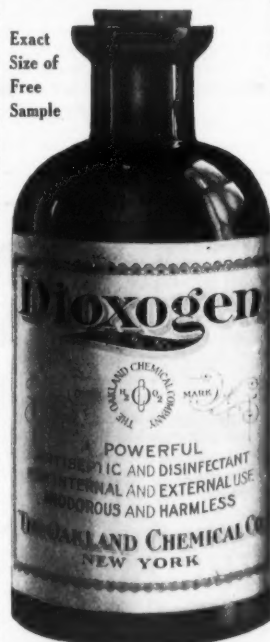
The "30" Locomobile

30 Shaft Drive 1910 40 Chain Drive
The Locomobile Co. of America
Bridgeport Conn.
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA SAN FRANCISCO
MEMBER ASSOCIATION LICENSED AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS

Do not ask for or accept just ordinary "peroxide of hydrogen" for personal use, but insist upon getting

Dioxogen

THE PURE PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN



SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

Make
this
test

Among the many home uses of Dioxogen, its use as a "mouth wash" is perhaps the most common. If you are now using ordinary peroxide of hydrogen for this purpose, send for the trial bottle of Dioxogen and make this simple comparative test. First try Dioxogen (diluted according to directions) as a "mouth wash." Note its freedom from the slightest objectionable taste. Then try the ordinary peroxide in the same way, and note the decidedly disagreeable taste caused by the acetanilid preservative.

If you have never used Dioxogen, or if you have been buying ordinary Peroxide of Hydrogen for personal use, we want to send you a 2 oz. bottle entirely without cost to you. The very best evidence of the advantages of Dioxogen is Dioxogen itself and we want you to try it at our expense. We will also send booklet describing its many uses in the home. Cut off and mail coupon or send postal to-day.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.
NEW YORK

THERE are a hundred kinds of ordinary peroxide of hydrogen upon the market. Many of these are only suitable for bleaching and other commercial purposes; their sale for personal toilet and medicinal use is only possible because neither retailer nor consumer fully understands their character. Dioxogen, the pure Peroxide of Hydrogen, is made exclusively for personal use.

DIOXOGEN is 25% stronger than the legal (U. S. P.) standard requires, 33¼% stronger than most, and 50% stronger than many makes of ordinary peroxide.

DIOXOGEN retains its effectiveness when diluted many times with water (the exact proportion depends upon each particular use), and is, therefore, much more economical than the weaker and less pure solutions. Some of these may cost less in the original package but are always more expensive in actual use. Although much stronger than ordinary peroxide, Dioxogen is absolutely harmless. There is no other antiseptic and germicide of equal efficiency which may be used without the slightest danger of harmful results through misapplication.

DIOXOGEN does not require acetanilid, the preservative commonly used to keep ordinary peroxide from rapidly losing its strength. Acetanilid causes the objectionable taste and odor characteristic of such preparations.

DIOXOGEN is made exclusively for personal use: when you buy Dioxogen—and only when you buy Dioxogen—are you sure of getting pure peroxide of hydrogen. There is no uncertainty about Dioxogen; it is intended for and is suitable and safe for toilet and medicinal purposes.

Check one of the following:
☐ I have never used Dioxogen or any Peroxide of Hydrogen. I would like to try Dioxogen.
☐ I am using a Peroxide, but not Dioxogen, for personal use. I would like to compare Dioxogen with the kind I am now using.

Name.....
Address.....
Druggist's Name.....

There
is only one
BEST

The range
that's built on
honor of the best
materials—Malleable
and Charcoal Iron—the
range that's known the
world over as a *perfect
baker*—always uniform—
air-tight oven—lined through-
out with *pure asbestos*—saves
half your fuel bill.

The Great and Grand MAJESTIC Malleable and Charcoal Iron RANGE

has a number of exclusive features,
each one adding to its durability
and practical service, making the
MAJESTIC the best range you can
buy regardless of price. That's why
fifteen other manufacturers try to
imitate it.

MAJESTIC Ranges are sold in
nearly every county in forty states.
Write for our free booklet: "The
Story of Majestic Glory"

MAJESTIC MFG. CO., Dept. 4, St. Louis, Mo.



The Range
with a
Reputation

Fine-Form MATERNITY SKIRT

Every Prospective Mother.
Something new—only scientific garment of the
kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and
ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in
the home, on the street, and in society—Always drapes
evenly in front and back—no bulging—no drawstrings—
no lacing—no ripping or tearing—Can be worn the year
round.

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the
material and have them made at home.

Send for our Fine Illustrated Book—"Fine-Form
FREE Maternity Skirt"—It's FREE to every woman writ-
ing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles,
material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and
users. **10 Days Free Trial.** When you get our book, if your
dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts,
make your selection of material and style, and we will make the
garment to your order. When you get it, wear it ten days, and
if you don't find it exactly as represented, send it back and
we will cheerfully refund every cent paid. Other Skirts—
If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W
dress and walking skirts will positively please you—same
guarantee—illustrated book free. Which book shall we
send? Write to-day to

Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. 51, Buffalo, N. Y.

WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the Fine-Form
Maternity Skirt is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the
only skirt which can always be made to drap evenly, front and back—all
substitutes offered will rise in front during development—a fault so repul-
sive to every woman of refined tastes. No pattern can be purchased any-
where for this garment. Its special features are protected by patents.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief
For
**PRICKLY HEAT,
CHAFING, and
SUNBURN,** and all affections
of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. De-
lightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or
mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J.

FIX YOUR ROOF

5c Per Square—We will guarantee to put any old
leaky, worn-out, rusty, tin, iron, steel,
paper, felt, gravel or shingle roof in perfect condition,
and keep it in perfect condition for 5c per square per year.

The Perfect Roof Preserver makes
old, worn-out roofs new. Satisfaction
guaranteed, or money refunded. Our
free roofing book tells all about it.
Write for it today.

The Anderson Manufacturing Company, Dept. 16, Elvira, Ohio

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

the attention and give pleasure for the
hour, but do not leave one better equipped
for observing the history of the world as
it passes across the stage. There are
other moments, however, when even the
most solemn reader feels the need of being
carried quite outside of his intellectual
mill into an atmosphere which is entirely
absorbing and gives him the pleasure that
an intense and personal adventure might
give. The great popularity of the Sher-
lock Holmes stories shows how wide is
the demand for this kind of compelling
narrative. At its best, it is rare. "The
Prisoner of Zenda" stands out among the
romantic adventure novels of our day, but
how many others? I can not claim to be
familiar with this branch of literature,
but among those which I have read, the
latest novel of Mr. Justus Miles Forman
seems to me to stand extremely high.
"Jason" quite took me into captivity. It
made me sit up too late, and read too
early in the morning. It has in it not
only a captivating plot, with a mysterious
house in which the hero is imprisoned; a
heroine who is in the most profound
trouble, from which the hero is able ulti-
mately to rescue her; a villain and a semi-
villain, but it is also written with humor
and cultivation, and these characters, fa-
miliar as are their main outlines in fiction
and drama of adventure, nevertheless have
personal existence to a degree which makes
us become interested in them as individ-
uals, not merely as parts of the exciting
narrative. Certainly it would give the
present writer much satisfaction if one
shelf in his library could be filled with
romantic fiction equally engaging, to which
he might turn whenever more strenuous
pursuits seem rather too severe, and when
diversion seems undersupplied in a uni-
verse full of strain and hazard.

"Jason," by Justus Miles Forman.
Published by Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

The Centennial of a Book

THE Hudson-Fulton celebration next
month may well remind us of the
great influence of Washington Irving's
"Knickerbocker History." Of the actual
effect of this work the author wrote forty
years after the volume appeared: "I find
this haphazard production of my youth
is used to stamp Knickerbocker societies,
Knickerbocker insurance companies, . . .
Knickerbocker bread, Knickerbocker meat;
. . . and I find New Yorkers of Dutch
descent priding themselves upon being
'genuine Knickerbockers' . . ." This is
the book's centennial. It emerged from
the press just one hundred years ago the
coming fall.

The title-page announces: "A History
of New York, from the beginning of the
world to the end of the Dutch Dynasty . . .
being the only authentic history of the
times that ever hath been or ever will
be published. By Diedrich Knickerbocker."
The chronicler confesses that he sees no
harm in helping out the facts, wherever
they fall short. He discusses the origin of
the Indians, proving that since they have
not been shown to come from somewhere,
they probably did not come at all. He de-
scribes the numerous benefits which the
Indian gained from the white man, in-
cluding the blessing of medicine, after
first receiving the requisite diseases.

The voyage of the *Half Moon*, in which
Commodore Hudson sailed from Holland
under the direction of their High Mighti-
nesses, the Lord States-General, he re-
counts with more assurance than other
historians have displayed, for Diedrich's
own great-grandfather shipped as a cabin
boy. Through him alone we learn how
the first colonists acquired their land by
addressing the Indians on shore through
a speaking-trumpet. The redmen, at the
horrible sound of the Low Dutch, took to
their heels and expired with fright. Man-
hattan was settled according to the spec-
ifications of a dream which visited Oloffe
Van Kortlandt. The honorable antiquity
of a jest, usually applied to Boston, may
be discovered here. The cows "in a fit of
laudable patriotism . . . established paths
through the brush, upon each side of which
the good folk built their houses."

Although the record does not extend
beyond the Dutch rule, yet throughout
the book there is a distinct connection
with that other period which occupies
present attention—the time of Fulton,
for the volume was published but two
years after the triumph of the *Clermont*,
and we look back upon Manhattan's in-
fancy from the eminence of 1809. Irving
imagined Oloffe the Dreamer, that primi-
tive burgher, to be gazing in wonder upon
his own age, seeing "palaces, domes, and
lofty spires," while for us to-day there is,
on the contrary, a glory that is rather
pathetic in the little city of 1809—closer,
in all but centuries, to Dutch New Am-
sterdam than to American New York.

E. J. H.

Don't Throw
Dull Blades
Away—
Strop
& Em!

DOES THE
STROPPING
FOR YOU

AND THE
**HONING
TOO!!**

AND BETTER THAN THE MOST
EXPERT BARBER CAN DO IT.

THE
**FLEMING
RAZOR
STROPPER
AND
HONER**

Can be used
on any Strop or Hone.

No Skill Required

All you have to do is to lay the Stropper flat on the
strop, and move your hand back and forth, pro-
ducing in a minute the keen, sharp edge neces-
sary to a clean and satisfactory shave.

Any dealer who sells cutlery can supply you If not, write to us

We will send the Fleming Stropper and Honer
by registered mail on receipt of . . . \$2

We will send the Fleming Razor Strop by
registered mail on receipt of . . . \$1

We will send the Fleming Razor Hone
by registered mail on receipt of . . . \$1

Illustrated Booklet Free

Fleming Sales Co.

253 Broadway
New York

Price
\$2
Strops and Hones
All Razors and Blades
Old Style and Safety

"The Eternal Question"

By GIBSON
25 CENTS



"The Eternal Question" is the
most popular Gibson head ever
drawn. It is now issued in a new
way and sells for 25 cents. It is
printed on the finest kind of water-
color sketching bristol, dis-
amped, giving a most pleasing
and dainty effect—all ready for
hanging—no frame needed. Size
14x18 inches. Sent postpaid. It
is the best picture on the market
for 25 cents.

PRINT DEPT.
P. F. COLLIER & SON
412 W. 13th St. New York
Agents for Canada, Methodist Book and
Publishing House, Toronto, Canada

A GREAT NEW INDUSTRY



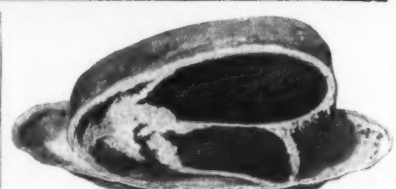
Hercules Mfg. Co., Dept. 215, Centerville, Iowa

Manufacture concrete
building blocks and make
money. Demand is prac-
tically unlimited. Big
profits on small invest-
ment. Machines \$16.25
up. Artistic face designs,
face down. Free catalog.

WALLA WALLA WASHINGTON WANTS YOU

to write and get information of the wonderful resources
and business opportunities of the valley. A rich terri-
tory of 2500 square miles adjoins the city of Walla
Walla, Washington (pr. sent population 22,000). For
truthful, interesting, illustrated literature write for
free booklet No. 12.

COMMERCIAL CLUB, Walla Walla, Washington.



ROAST MEATS

hot or cold, are given just
that "finishing touch" if
seasoned with

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It perfects the flavor of
Soups, Fish, Steaks, Chops,
Veal and Salads. It gives
relish to an otherwise in-
sipid dish.

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, AGTS., N. Y.



For light weight; for compactness; for
convenience; for splendid results; get
A Daylight Loading

Premoette No. 1A

The smallest, lightest, easiest to load and
operate of all cameras for the popular
2 1/2 x 4 1/4 pictures.

With Premoette automatic shutter and single Meniscus lens, \$6.00.

With single calce automatic shutter and double R. R. lens, \$10.00.

Rochester Optical Division, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Our catalogue describes fifty different styles
and sizes of Premos. Free at the dealer's
or mailed on request.

IMPORTANT—In writing please
specify PREMIO catalogue.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Ten Years Ago This Man Was Laughed At

He was "turned down" by insurance companies: at forty he faced an early death. To-day, at sixty-one, he holds the Yale record, over its own athletes, for tests of physical endurance. The leading doctors and scientists of America and Europe, who once scoffed at him, endorse him. We have all heard of "Fletcherism": but here is Horace Fletcher's own remarkable story of his discovery: how he built up his own health: **HOW I HAVE KEPT MYSELF YOUNG AT SIXTY.** And every man and woman can do it.

In the September
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

15 Cents Everywhere

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

When you have heard an Edison Phonograph play an Amberol Record reproducing the music of Victor Herbert's orchestra



YOU will admit that you could not be better entertained if at the theatre or concert hall, listening to Victor Herbert's Orchestra, led by him and playing his music.

The reproducing powers of an Edison Phonograph and the sweet tones of an Amberol Record can no more be described than can the music produced by Herbert's Orchestra. You must hear the Phonograph to know that you want it. No music lover can hear it play an Amberol Record made under Mr. Herbert's direction and resist the temptation to buy.

Any Edison dealer will gladly grant you this privilege. Our latest book, "The Phonograph and the Home," sent free on request.

Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.

Edison Phonographs are sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States - \$12.50 to \$125.00.

Standard Edison Records, 35c. Amberol Records, 50c. Grand Opera Records, 75c.

National Phonograph Co., 12 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.



Thomas A. Edison

Take a Tube with you over Labor Day

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

An Amusing Incident

(Told by a Dentist)

"COLGATE & CO.

Dear Sirs: Thank you for calling my attention to your Dental Cream. Preventative dentistry for children is my special work, and I am delighted to know of such a delicious dentifrice for young people. One little boy ate the contents of the tube which I asked his mother to get for him, remarking to me the next day:

'Say, Doctor, I wish that tube had been three feet long.'

Signed by a former President of a State Dental Association.
(Name on application.)

Isn't that like a Boy!
There is actually—in each tube
15 Feet of Cream

If he had used it properly—(one inch twice daily)—it would have lasted 3 months.

Delicious and antiseptic, the dentifrice that combines efficiency with a delightful after-taste. Your mouth does not need to have a medicinal taste, and it won't if you use Colgate's.

Economical 1 More Cream—almost half as much again as in the average tube. 2 Less used—half as much cream comes out of our flat opening as from usual round-mouth tube. 3 No waste—our flat ribbon of cream cannot roll off the brush.

Antiseptic It gives a pearly lustre to the teeth and a perfect polish to gold work. Destroys decay-germs, stimulates gum tissue and prevents tartar.

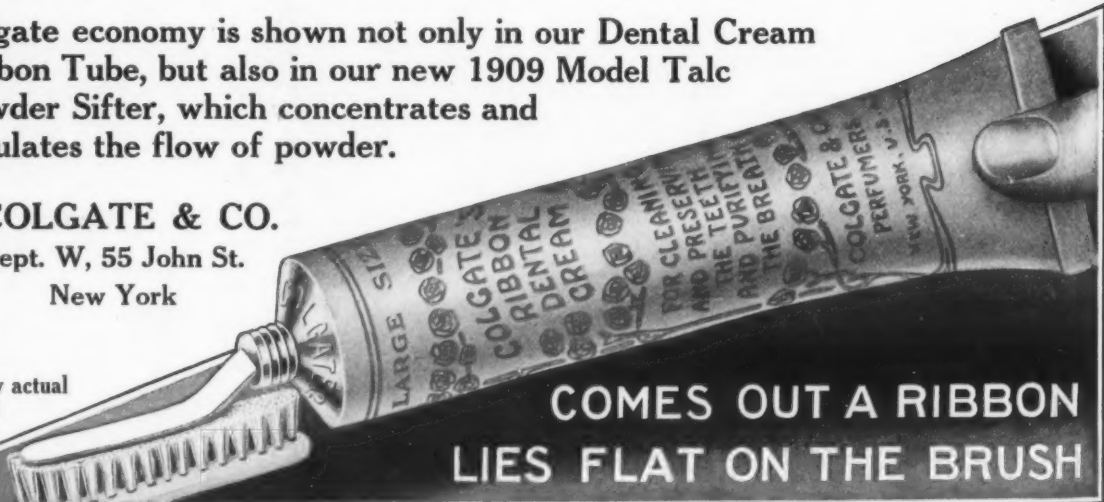
Colgate economy is shown not only in our Dental Cream Ribbon Tube, but also in our new 1909 Model Talc Powder Sifter, which concentrates and regulates the flow of powder.

42 inches of Cream
Sent for 4 cents

Send 4c for this trial tube. If 1 inch is used twice daily it lasts three weeks.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. W, 55 John St.
New York

*Pictures show actual size of both trial and full size tubes.



COMES OUT A RIBBON
LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH

Take a Tube with you over Labor Day